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LADY GRENFELL AND HER SON JULIAN

Before her marriage in 1932, Lady Grenfell was Miss Betty Shaughnessy; she is a daughter of the late Hon. Alfred Shaughnessy, the first Lord Shaughnessy's younger son, who was killed in action in 1916. The Hon. Julian, also in the picture, is the only son, and was born in 1935, and there is one daughter, the Hon. Caroline, two years older. The late F.M. Lord Grenfell and his son, the present Peer, were both 60th, and presumably the heir to the title will in due course follow them into that fine old regiment



MAJOR P. H. J. TUCK, R.A., WINS HIS
SECOND KADIR CUP—MEERUT, 1939

The steed upon which Major Tuck won this great rough-and-tumble pig-sticking contest was the little mare Miss Fire. He won his last one on that great old hog-hunter Manifest, upon whom Captain H. McA. Richards, who was also in the Royal Regiment won it two years in succession, 1930 and 1931. Captain McA. Richards had previously won it in 1928 on Centaur

THE "Oh, to be in England!" mood affects even those who are sceptical about the English spring. Some winter wanderers only return because they have to, others because they want to, the rest because they think they oughter, but every homing pigeon feels sentimental when it comes to the Solent, especially if he has been feeling sick. Travel does more things to you than broaden the mind and awake appreciation of the Old Country's good points, it provides memories, an inexhaustible feast. Gay, comical, beautiful, ordinary, or odd, they are your own to play with at any minute of the day or night, a bolt-hole from bores, a secret garden which must not be shared indiscriminately, for by memories I do not mean the travelogue monologue which exhausts the listener more than a ten-mile walk, or the colour films you made to amuse the children ("that's daddy in the funny hat"), but throwbacks at once personal and intangible—the warmth in Jamaican sunlight; the silence in Bahamian moonshine; a horse; a face; a bout of Californian laughter; the ghostliness of Spanish moss draping oak trees in South Carolina, where every piccaninny Charlestons, and underneath, stringing them together like beads, is a tantalizing rhythm in which I can no longer distinguish the tune. To hear it once again, I would go all the way back. Wanting to go back is a proof of pleasant memories, but returning to recapture a mood, a man, or a miss is the ultimate stupidity.

And the World Said—



LADY DIANA PERCY

The wedding of Lady Diana Percy, younger daughter of the Duchess of Northumberland, to Lord Brackley, Lord Ellesmere's only son, is fixed to take place in Westminster Abbey, on Saturday, April 29. Lady Diana Percy's elder sister married Lord Clydesdale in 1937



A HOUSE PARTY IN NORTH CAROLINA

The location where this cheery group was taken was Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Flynn's delightful abode Little Orchard, which is at Tryon, in the best hunting country in North Carolina, Mr. Flynn being the Honorary Secretary of the Tryon Hunt. In the picture, left to right, are Mr. M. B. "Lefty" Flynn, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Winn, who is a niece of Lady Astor, Mrs. M. B. Flynn and the Hon. Reginald Winn, who is a brother of Lord St. Oswald

of the first-class four hundred (a good average in the off-season), including Mr. Noel Coward, who has put on weight, a reminder that those who were bright young people when *The Vortex* electrified what was still Michael Arlen's Mayfair, are now almost middle-aged, and "essentially nice." It is a starry ship's load, although Hollywood is unrepresented. I hear that Nigel Bruce, the cricketing "king" of the British movie set (who will shortly be released as Mr. Watson in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*) was dreadfully upset by seeing "Pat" Roark killed. Aidan's brother was loved as a person, apart from the natural admiration his polo aroused. A former polo player on board, Sir Harry Lyons, has transferred his enthusiasm to racing. His wife has just become an owner. Lady Broughton, wife of another owner, is back from big game fishing, which applies to Lord and Lady Forteviot who had the good taste to visit sporting Georgia as well as social Florida, and to Mrs. Sigrist who has left "Fred" trying for tarpon off the cays. The Sigrists are building a house in Nassau; I can't think of a rich man who isn't. The "Charlie" Sweeneys gave up their Canadian *détour* and travelled "Q.M." Margaret says the only thing wrong with ocean travel is the opportunity of going to bed early. Mrs. Barbara Walsh, the most beautiful Irishwoman of her generation, spent the trip in bed, tired by the long journey back from Acapulco, the Mexican Antibes, where Mrs. "Patsy" Richardson went with Mrs. "Pony" Gillson ("Dickie" Dickerson that was), and where Mr. Claud Strickland went barefoot. The Duchess of Marlborough walks the deck in rubber-soled shoes to match a good-looking navy blue top-coat and no hat. Mrs. "Foxey" Gwynne snuggles under a sable jacket; Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich, the Chase banker (last noted dancing in his native New York with pretty Mrs. Gerald Koch de Gooreynd), goes by all

lasted so magnificently, and the "Johnnie" Menzies frae Edinburgh with her sister Miss Erica Graham. Cynthia Menzies has an exceptionally beautiful speaking voice, and after three months in the States I appreciate why Americans think many of us drawl affectedly. Some English tones sound patently ridiculous and high-falutin'; more irritating if possible than



Douglas Went

DRAMATEURS

Mr. J. M. Peacock and Mrs. W. J. Dyson in *Fresh Fields*, Ivor Novello's very amusing comedy, which was presented by a clever amateur company at the Colchester Garrison Officers' Club not long ago. The marriage of Anne Lady Gunter to Mr. William Johnston Dyson took place last week

Middle-Westerners. The poet Burns should have asked the gods for the additional gift "to hear ourselves as others hear us." Mr. and Mrs. George Sclater-Booth (an Anglo-American alliance), and their infant son who will one day be Lord Basing, are crossing—the baby's first. More family groups consist of the Adrian Baillies (he in political argument with Noel Coward) and realtor Claude Leigh, with a daughter. Mrs. Leigh and another daughter are due from Egypt. Although the *Queen Mary* got home for April Fool's Day, you

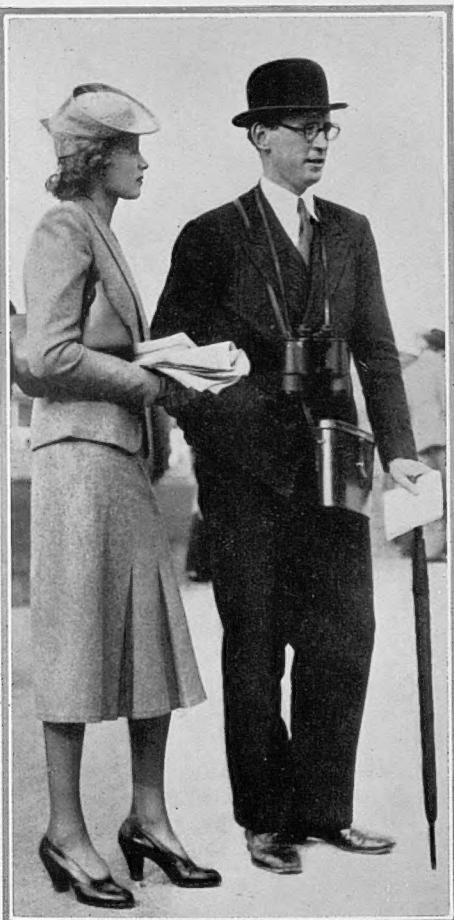
must be lenient with my time-lag, remembering printers let up over Easter.

New Yorkers never let up. The pace in March appeared to be as syncopated as January, with a new night place, Féfé Ferry's Monte Carlo, as the first serious rival to El Morocco in years. One reason why it has caught on is the backing of the Colony Restaurant, which swings in its *clientèle* just as Albert of Maxim's sends patrons on to Bagatelle. The band is grand; the effective mauve baroque *banquettes* by Dorothy Draper, recall Oliver Messel's defunct San Marco, and the so-called show is in the tradition of Féfé's first "Les Girls" effort at Monte Carlo. A quintette of seductive models (American for mannequin), pose in two or three *tableaux vivants*, wearing the latest from a Fifth Avenue store. This window dressing does not interfere with conversation, and is preferable to cabaret, demanding oral as well as visual attention. As a gesture, I will give you all the night clubs in the world, but for those who like public life after midnight, Monte Carlo lives up to its namesake. Faces included Beth Leary, Prince Serge, "San Regis" Obolensky, Mrs. "Eve" Lehmann, who dresses sensational (her spring toque of flat white feathers is smooth as a penguin's tummy), Patricia Lady Cottenham in a pink *guimpe*, Lady Burney (who has now joined her husband and son for the

Harlip
LADY MARGARET BOYLE

The youngest of the three daughters of Lord and Lady Glasgow, Lady Margaret Boyle, who was presented by her mother at the Third Court, was a member of the Guard of Honour of some two hundred debes and ex-debs when H.M. the Queen attended the National Birthday Trust Fund Reception at the Guildhall last month

alone, but Mr. F. H. Kielberg, the Swedish-born sugar baron, has his Valkyrian daughter for company. They say it's a far cry from Jamaica, which is echoed by Sir Frederick Pascoe Rutter, who wintered at Constant Spring, while those presumably nostalgic for Nassau include Rosamond Lady Ridley, whose Edwardian looks have

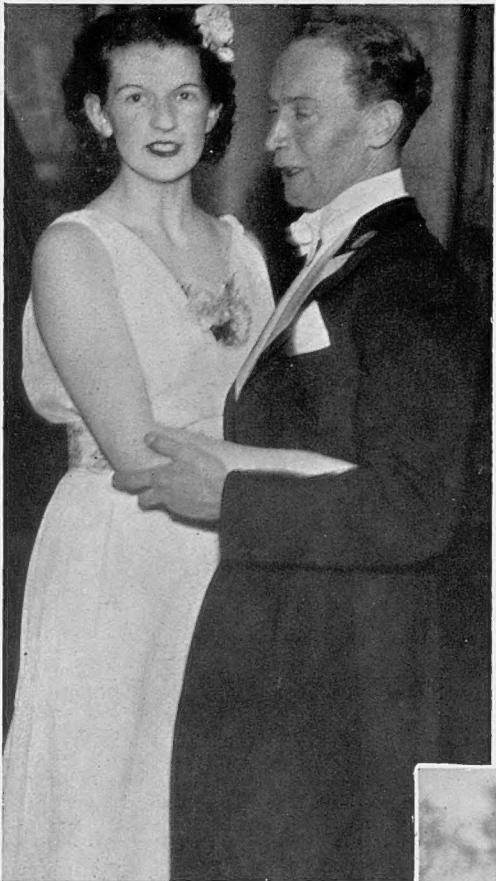


AN ENGAGED COUPLE

Miss Vivien Kenyon-Slaney and Lord Hopetoun, whose engagement was made public on March 29, went racing at Newbury last week. Lord Hopetoun, Lieutenant, 19th Armoured Car Company, Royal Tank Corps, T.A., is the elder twin son of the Viceroy of India and Lady Linlithgow. His future wife is the elder daughter of Capt. Kenyon-Slaney and Lady Mary Gilmour, and is a granddaughter of H.E. the Duke of Abercorn

And the World said—Continued

latter's Eton holidays) and a selection of young New York lovelies wearing their hair down to their shoulders, which Dryad style never suited any one except Lady Marguerite Strickland. There are more pretty faces and clever people in the cast of *One for the Money* than any show on Broadway. This is something new in intimate revues; witty, sophisticated, but wholesome; deliciously mounted in good as opposed to freak modern taste, and played by a young no-star cast, there



Truman Howell

THE HON. LAVINIA LYTTTELTON
AND LT.-COLONEL A. L. WOOD

Snapshot at the Worcestershire Hunt point-to-point Ball at the Guildhall, Worcester. Lieutenant-Colonel Wood commands the 73rd Anti-Aircraft Brigade R.A. (T.A.), of which the Hon. Lavinia Lyttelton's uncle, Major the Hon. Richard Lyttelton, is Honorary Colonel. Miss Lyttelton is the youngest daughter of Lord Cobham, Master of the Albrighton Woodland, whose country adjoins that of the Worcestershire

written material in the past. Not that Miss Hamilton, who is a Pittsburgh Junior Leaguer (which means a girl belonging to the most conservative society in that city) copies la Lillie; she is a person in her own height with honest humorous eyes, a pale almost unpainted face and brushed-back brown hair. There is something engagingly amateur about her appearance, but not about her work. She is at her funniest as Mrs. Roosevelt singing a ditty called "My Day," which makes hay of the First Lady's syndicated column, but so innocently that the White House itself could not take exception. Overnight they labelled Miss Hamilton the American Noel Coward because she can be ironic, side-splitting, and, in a sketch about the ghosts of the Austrian Empire, wistfully sad. But she does not write the music, so



AT THE GRAFTON HUNTER TRIALS

Mrs. R. E. S. Gooch talking to the Hon. Mrs. Marcus Pelham at Langford Farm, Green's Norton, the setting for this year's Grafton Hunt Hunter Trials, which are always a stern test both of courage and hardiness. Mrs. Pelham, who was going the rounds with zest, is Lord Penrhyn's sister, and sister-in-law of Lord Yarborough, Master of the Brocklesby. She and her husband live at Woodford Halse, near Rugby

our native genius can breathe again. Morgan Lewis has supplied some adorable tunes and a priceless young woman called Brenda Forbes (who sounds English) is tops as an "Adorable Little Star" from the Continent, not averse to selling her adorable little "accent" to the reporters. This is sung in the Mistinguett manner with a slant on Hedy LaMarr. There is a satire on The Game (which should put an extinguisher on parlour games) and some marvellous dancing, mostly by Ruth Mattison, whose pep recalls Adèle Astaire. The tenor, Alfred Drake, may well become a Dennis Noble because he can also act, and is excellent as Orson Welles, the announcer, who frightened America out of her wits with the Martians. I laughed loudest at "All the World's A Wheel," which was taken from an old album on the art of bicycling and is pure Douglas Byng (though pure is hardly *le mot juste*) and at the author's "Story of the Opera" in which she explains "The Ring" to a friend in seven minutes. You have all met those breathless American matrons who know everything, understand nothing, and, worshipping Wagner, insist you do Salzburg too. This very Ruth Draper monologue does not amuse Wagnerians, who have almost as little humour as their hero, but it brings the Booth Theatre down; the uplift addicts, having kidded themselves for years that culture and Wagner are synonymous, become suddenly aware the twilight of the gods has a pretty silly plot. The shock gets them. Among those applauding hysterically was Arthur Mencken, Paramount's news-camera ace who is off to the next theatre of war as soon as he knows the location; Harvey Ladew, the amusing Maryland M.F.H. who has bought a house at Delray (twenty-five minutes from the pearly-whirly of Palm Beach) and called it Patio-Fatio after its architect, Maurice Fatio, and because it has no patio; and Seton Lindsay, a distinguished Wall-Streeter who intends taking an early airship to London. He is an exception: most Americans are staying home, alarmed by rumours and riveted by the Fairs. San Francisco's an established success and New York's has improved enormously since I relayed its early stages. There is already a riddle about the needle-shaped Trylon which rises beside the balloon-like Perisphere. Why are they going to take the Trylon down? I leave it to you. Many who usually come to Europe are taking houses on Long Island for the Westchester Cup polo;

'the Sanfords are deserting us, but Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin (the older yachting guard remembers her husband's successful defence of the America's Cup) has decided to let her lovely place at Glen Head, L.I., and cross for Epsom and Ascot "come what may." The April Mecca for all who enjoy a horsey life is Aiken, where Mrs. Iselin owns another attractive house with a typical South Carolina garden. Aiken has everything to offer except, thank heavens, a casino. I thought it the best play place in the U.S. When a local celebrity asked, "Why do all the English go to Palm Beach?" I could only answer, "Because they are asked." Aiken has miles of pine woods, dozens of polo grounds (the Whitney Field is as green as Hurlingham), racing, horse shows, and a drag with the finest steeplechase rider in the country, Regan McKinney, as Master. There is a somewhat Sunningdale golf course, a *tir-aux-pigeons* and house party diversions such as bridge, backgammon and the maddening new marbles game. The sun shines; the cool air smells of pine and the residents never behave *nouveaux riches*. There are no *outré* houses (if you except the Whitneys purposely outrageous Victorian room) and solid comfort prevails. No one wants to sit on a steel chair after riding. The best horsewoman I met was Mrs. "Tom" Davis from Middleburg, Va., who has hunted in England with the "Brose" Clarks, while the polo boys included the "Brose's" Bostwick nephews, the ever youthful "Dev" Milburn, "Johnnie" Schiff who never smiles, and Ray Guest who always beams.



LADY GARTHWAITE AND LORD MORRIS AT THE FLORIDA

LONDON'S
PRE-
EASTER
GAIETIES
BY
NIGHT

SUPPER PARTNERS: LORD CECIL DOUGLAS
AND DORIS LADY ORR-LEWISMR. AND MRS. RICHARD FAIREY AT
THE OPENING OF LA MOUSTIQUE

A FOURSOME AT THE FLORIDA: MR. RAYMOND NICOLL, MISS ELIZABETH MADDEN, MISS HOPE MADDEN AND MR. J. H. B. BATTEN. (BELOW) LORD AND LADY SELBY, ALSO AT THE FLORIDA



There is never a real outbreak of the spring holiday spirit till Easter, but a few people tried to engender it a bit before the "off." Mr. Richard Fairey and his charming Swedish bride, the former Froken Aino Bergo, sampled London's very newest night club, La Moustique, which opened to a very full house. All the other pictures were taken at the Old Florida on the night of the new edition of "Harlem in Mayfair." An index of how full it was may be gathered from the fact that Lord and Lady Selby had to resign the unequal contest with the dance floor. In the young foursome in the

picture above, Miss Elizabeth Madden and Mr. Raymond Nicoll are engaged. She and her sister are the daughters of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Charles Madden and of Lady Madden. Sir Charles Madden was the late Lord Jellicoe's Chief of Staff. Lord Cecil Douglas, who is seen supping with Doris Lady Orr-Lewis, is Lord Queensberry's brother, and Sir William Garthwaite's popular wife is with a barrister who was disbarred at his own request, because he wanted to be a solicitor—Lord Morris. It more often happens the other way about



ISA MIRANDA AND RAY MILLAND IN THE NEW
PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION "HOTEL IMPERIAL"

One of the most important pictures in the West End of London is *Hotel Imperial*, at the Plaza, which had its première last Friday, April 7, and was given a most enthusiastic reception. In the days of the silent picture this was one of the more memorable ones, with Pola Negri in the leading part, and now after all these years, Isa Miranda, the star, who for many months Paramount has kept in cold storage, is taking her rôle. The story deals with war, separation and intrigue. As a romantic partner, Isa Miranda gets Ray Milland, who is one of Paramount's leading men, and since his enormous success in *Men With Wings*, he has become more popular than ever.

AM very glad to see that the management of the Carlton has revived the enormously successful film *The Sign of the Cross*. It is, of course, an absurdity, but an absurdity on the grand scale. I have been sufficiently interested in the revival to look up what was said of Wilson Barrett's play on its first production in 1896. William Archer took the line that this orgy—which he was sufficiently rattled to spell as "orgie"!—lay quite outside his province: "The art critic does not chronicle the latest addition to Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors; the musical critic takes no cognisance of a Salvationist orgie: why should the dramatic critic devote a moment's thought to a combination of the penny dreadful with the Sunday-school picture book? My business is with the drama as a form of art, and art has nothing to say to this series of tawdry tableaux, with their crude appeal to the shallowest sentiments and lowest instincts of the mob." About the reception of the play he said: "I was taken aback by the frenzied enthusiasm with which the pit and gallery received this farrago of crudities and ineptitudes. At first I doubted the genuineness of the demonstrations, and of course I do not vouch for it even now. But I studied pretty closely the two front rows of the pit, which appeared to be filled, not only with paying play-goers, but with people of by no means the lowest or stupidest class. I have at this moment a vision of a woman's face, rather refined and pleasing in repose, converted into one cavernous mouth, like that of the lion which was supposed to be devouring Mr. Wilson Barrett behind the scenes, as she vociferated her rapture at the close of the performance. It was a depressing spectacle." I have quoted these two passages because they accentuate the difference between the theatre known to Archer and the film which could not then be known to him. In these two passages he foresees, without knowing it, the cinema not yet born, whose business has always been, still is, and I think must ever be, a "crude appeal to the shallowest sentiments and lowest instincts of the mob." The audience

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

A Welcome Revival

at the Lyric Theatre in 1896 did not consist of "the lowest and stupidest class." Will it be denied that this is exactly the class for which the cinema is the entertainment *par excellence*? So much for Archer.

Wilson Barrett's play is a work of something other than art. It draws its vitality from something which is outside the aesthetic canon, in which respect this play may be said to be one with poems like Longfellow's "Excelsior" and songs like Sullivan's "Lost Chord." This being so, *The Sign of the Cross* is incapable of aesthetic rebuke. Ridicule cannot laugh it out of court because those to whom it appeals do not pay it that kind of court! Even Mr. Shaw's riot of fun at the play's expense was unavailing: "With scathing, searching irony, and with resolute courage in the face of the prejudiced British public, Mr. Wilson Barrett has drawn a terrible contrast between the Romans ('Pagans, I regret to say,' as Mr. Pecksniff remarked of the sirens), with their straightforward sensuality, and the strange, perverted voluptuousness of the Christians, with their shuddering exaltations of longing for the whip, the rack, the stake, and the lions. The whole drama lies in the spectacle of the hardy Roman prefect, a robust soldier and able general, gradually falling under the spell of a pale Christian girl, white and worn with spiritual ecstasy, and beautiful as Mary Anderson. As she gradually throws upon him the fascination of suffering and martyrdom, he loses his taste for wine; the courtesans at his orgies disgust him; heavenly visions obsess him; undreamt-of raptures of sacrifice, agony, and escape from the world to indescribable holiness and bliss tempt him; and finally he is seen, calm and noble, but stark mad, following the girl to her frightfully voluptuous death. We come into the presence of Nero, and hear him ordering a set of living torches for that evening, and boasting of what an artist he is. We see the Roman ladies at home sticking pins into their slaves, and the Roman diner-out exhausted by his second vomit. We hear the thunder of the chariot race, and see the gladiator enter the arena. And we have, as aforesaid, whips and racks, chains and dungeons, uplifted crosses and Christian martyrs, not to mention plenty of music well handled by Mr. Edward Jones, with hymns for the Christians, waltzes for the Romans, and Sullivan's 'Thou'rt Passing Hence, my Brother,' and Gounod's 'Nazareth' on the cornet and sackbut between the acts." And so on, and so forth. I ask the reader to note the phrase, "We hear the thunder of the chariot race," and to note that since this was written the day of hearing has gone past, and the era of seeing has dawned. Here again is the difference between the theatre and the cinema. In the theatre a chariot race can only be the grace note to some argumentative chord; in the cinema it is the chord itself. In the theatre something depends on that race; in the cinema the race in itself is the thing that matters. I make so bold as to say that films like *The Sign of the Cross* are meat and drink not only for stupid persons of low taste, but for the average man who will always have his low and stupid moods. In the meantime Mr. Laughton continues to have great fun with Nero, and personally I find it difficult to think of a better way of spending an evening than in simultaneously laughing at and crying over this magnificent tosh.

But the cinema remains incalculable. I went the other afternoon to the Plaza where the first film, *St. Louis Blues*, struck me as plumbing the lowest depths of inanity yet screened. Here Miss Dorothy Lamour was barred by contract from singing on a show boat. Whereupon it was held that if she sang to please herself and if simultaneously the orchestra was found to be rehearsing to perfect itself, and if the audience in the meantime went through the motions of stopping its ears, why then the thing could not be a performance and therefore not subject to the law of contract! This imbecility was followed by a sincere and more than moving film about a small-town doctor entitled *A Man to Remember*. I shall merely say that in this the acting matched the invention and that the credit for a picture worth remembering should be divided between Mr. Edward Ellis and the ingenious though unmentioned arranger of the music.

AT THE BELVOIR
POINT-TO-POINT

LADY MOUNTGARRET AND CAPTAIN DEANE AT LONG CLAWSON



LORD FEILDING, MRS. FIELDING-JOHNSON, AND MISS VERENA FIELDING-JOHNSON



MRS. JAMES SEELY WITH MICHAEL AND ELIZMA SEELY



LORD AND LADY RANFURLY AND (CENTRE) STEVEN LEZARD



MISS SARAH NORTON WITH LORD GRANBY



MISS C. PARAVICINI AND LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN

The Duke of Rutland's (the Belvoir) Point-to-Point was run over a line near Long Clawson, which is hard by Clawson Thorns from where the great run of some years ago really got going all across the Belvoir Vale, the best grass in the Shires. Almost all Leicestershire was there and everything was as everyone wanted it, excepting that they could have done with a few more runners. Fields were on the small side. As to the personal touch Mrs. James Seely and family had every reason to look in good heart for the head of the house was in grand form over the obstacles. Mr. James Seely rode the runner-up in the Lightweight Race and won the Adjacent Hunts' Race outright on his own Valerica, beating Mr. Donny Player's Giddy Goose a length. Mr. P. L. Kindersley's luck incidentally held, as his Michael, ridden by Mr. L. Partridge, won the Lightweight. Lord Granby is the Duke of Rutland's son and heir and bears a name associated with that of one of the Belvoir's greatest benefactors. Lord and Lady Ranfurly, who were only married in January, are with his half-brother, little Steven Lezard. Lord Feilding, who is doing a little butling at an appropriate moment, is the grandson and heir of Lord Denbigh. Lady Mountgarret, seen passing the time of day with Captain Deane, is the charming wife of the former Master of the York and Ainsty (North) Lord Mountgarret, and Miss Paravicini is with Lord and Lady Carisbrooke's only child, both apparently greatly interested in all that was going forward

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

OMEONE has very truly said that the English look on racing as a sport, the French as an entertainment and the Americans as a business. Bearing this in mind, it is not uninteresting to look at the layout and programme of possibly the world's most up-to-date course at Santa Anita, just outside Los Angeles. When making comparisons, it must be borne in mind that this course serves unopposed a huge permanent and floating population of gamblers, with eight races a day for fifty-two days straight on end. These people would sooner bet than eat, so that what seems to us unvarying monotony is no more, probably less, to a gambler than spending his hours of leisure at a roulette table.

How wonderful it would be if we could enjoy our racing with all the amenities, comforts and innovations of American tracks such as this one. The car park, for example, extends to 155 acres in which 60,000 cars can be driven away with orderliness and ease. At Sandown Park it's only even money if you can get in, and at this year's Grand Military Meeting one met people coming away from last year's Eclipse. The admission fee to the paddock course and stands, including State tax, is about five shillings, which gives access to first-class quick-lunch counters, bars with clean glasses and ice. Ice is considered a necessity and not a luxury all over the whole of America regardless of climate, but take a meeting like Windsor on the hottest Saturday in the year after Ascot, the emergency block of ice they have bought is finished by the time the second race is run.

The stands themselves are roughly a quarter of a mile long and about 120 feet high, entirely covered in and containing hundreds of boxes with chairs for which a small extra payment is charged. Opposite the winning post is the Turf Club stand for members and their guests. These rooms and bars are so luxurious, comfortable and close to the tote that it is said many members have never seen the course at all. Lunch can be eaten outside on a balcony from which the racing can be seen. This, so far as I know, can only be done on our super dog tracks. A staggering departure, according to our ideas, is that racing is made worth while for *owners*. Barring the stake races and big handicaps there are *no entrance fees* of any sort, and entries are made usually the day before the race even for handicaps. In this country, few races but Selling Plates can be entered for at less than a fortnight, and scores of potty little races to be run in March and April close the beginning of December. It is heart-breaking to an owner to have to throw all his money down the drain for a horse who has gone amiss or not come to hand early enough to run in these races.

There is no race of less value than £200 to the winner with £60 divided up between the second, third and even sometimes fourth, and this with a probable maximum of twelve runners.

Our Eclipse Stakes of £10,000 consists roughly of £8,500 put up by the owners and £1,500 by the executives which they more than recoup out of the increased attendance. At Santa Anita the following is the *added* money for the more important races.

Santa Anita Handicap	\$100,000
Derby	\$500,000
San Juan Capistrano Handicap	\$25,000
Eleven other races at	\$10,000 each



THE EARL OF LEWES WINS THE LIFE GUARDS' REGIMENTAL RACE

A good man over a country, like his father, the Marquess of Abergavenny (the former Major Grey Larnach-Nevill) and his grandfather, the late Lord George Nevill. The Life Guards ran their Regimental Race at the Grafton Point-to-Point which was held at Castle Hill, near Towcester. The name of Lord Lewes's winner was *Lonely Haine*

Calling five dollars a pound sterling, the added money for the big races alone comes to £57,000, and for the smaller races to about £110,000, for which latter there is no entrance fee—£167,000 added in stakes in under two months!!!

The track itself is like every other American track, a left-handed dirt one a mile round, with the whole centre of it a mass of flowers in bloom. As at all American meetings where distances are so great, the horses live at and work on the track. There is a large collecting barn, into which horses are put an hour before their race, in charge of the official veterinary surgeon. This is with the idea of preventing doping. The jockeys are required to be in the jockeys' room at the beginning of racing and not to leave it except to ride till their work is done. This room is big and comfortable and even contains a billiard table. The saddling stalls are in a huge covered enclosure with one side open to the public. The parading ring seems disproportionately small, but as owing to the stall-gate, fields are seldom over twelve and anyway no one wants to see the horses, it is big enough and is only used for the jockeys to get mounted. The "gate" is moved from one starting post to another, and the track harrowed by two magnificent teams of percherons. Timing of the race is done furlong by furlong by electrical rays operating the timing apparatus in the stand.

What can be more aggravating than to be convinced in your own mind that you have won a race, an opinion which is shared by the jockeys taking part and indeed everyone, except the judge whose opinion that you have been beaten a head is the only one over which they pay. Here there can be no argument, for no less than two cameras, costing about £8,000, take a photograph leaving no possible doubt as to the result and the placings. This can be produced in about two minutes.

Totalizator facilities are everywhere, and it goes without saying that the whole of the above costly and elaborate layout and its magnificent stakes is due to centralized racing which makes for an economically sound and huge profit-paying totalizator.



MISS BETTY AND MISS JILL MUIR

Another picture at the Grafton Point-to-Point. Miss Jill Muir is a sister of Mr. "Kim" Muir, 10th Hussars, who has been riding such a lot of winners. Miss Betty Muir is her cousin

THE GUNNERS' 'CHASES

THE HON. PAMELA DIGBY
AND MISS OSLOW BENNINGMAJOR MARK RODDICK ON "FILLIP"
WINS AGAIN

AT SANDOWN PARK

MISS J. HARGREAVES AND MR. R.
GORDON-FINLAYSONMAJOR A. J. E. CLEEVE, R.A.,
WITH LADY PENRHYNMR. W. R. HOLMAN WINS ON "APPLAUD"
—LED IN BY MRS. HOLMANPhotos.: Swaebe
LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS.
H. LUMSDEN

The Royal Artillery meeting at Sandown was, as ever, a right good second barrel to the Grand Military one. They had packets of runners, good going and very good racing. The R.A. Ubique 'Chase may appear to have been stolen by a 10th Hussar, but Major Mark Roddick, who collected it on his Grand Military winner, "Fillip," used to be a Bang Boy before he went to the cavalry some years ago. The 10th were fair on the charge at this meeting, as Mr. "Kim" Muir won the Military Hunters' 'Chase on one of his Sandown winners, "Gowran Ranger," and Major "Roscoe" Harvey, also 10th, was second on "Santick," who was third in the Grand Military. The regiment has collected a full house of winners this season. Mr. W. R. Holman won the big race of the day, the Royal Artillery Gold Cup, by the nourishing margin of ten lengths, and was appropriately led in by very proud better-half. Lieut.-Colonel Lumsden, also shot in company of his wife, rode his own horses in both the Ubique Steeplechase and the Military Hunters' 'Chase, but with no success, unfortunately. Lady Penrhyn, seen talking to another officer of the Royal Regiment, had a runner-up, "Mellburne," in the Open Handicap 'Chase. The Hon. Pamela Digby, seen with another young enthusiast, is Lord and Lady Digby's eldest daughter

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

"Our (American) Village."

IT only goes to show how deceptive book-titles may be! When I picked up Bertha Damon's book, "Grandma Called It Carnal" (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.), I was filled with forebodings. Here, I said to myself, is yet another variation of the kind of story which portrays, in exaggerated spightliness, another document concerning those blondes whom gentlemen are said to prefer. Imagine my delight, therefore, when, at the end of just about page two, I began to discover that this is quite an enchanting biography—something of "Cranford" (American), something of "Our Village" (American), plus a pawky kind of American humour, a mental tang which Mrs. Gaskell's and Miss Mitford's masterpieces shrink from assuming. It is the biography of the writer's grandmother, who died not so many years ago at the age of ninety-five. But what a grandmother! And what a woman! Not to have met her, even in the pages of a book, is not to have made friends with a real and ever-memorable personality.

The writer and her sister came to live with this wise, lovable, yet most formidable woman when they were little children—two orphans whose parents were dead. Grandma lived in a remote townlet situated in a New England back-o'-beyond. Yet, though North Stonefield was scarcely on the map, so to speak, in the minds of its inhabitants maps were only important when they printed North Stonefield. And large upon the mental map of North Stonefield was to be found Grandma Griswold. Grandma Griswold was a vegetarian and a spartan of the supreme order. Anything that cluttered up life was forbidden. "Means" was the word continually rolled under the North Stonefield tongues: "a man of means," "she has means to do with." Almost all Grandma's neighbours seemed to forget that means are just means—means to some end. They stopped at means. But Grandma, the more her neighbours emphasised means, the more she emphasised ends. Grandma said that always to be grasping for more and more things and messing more and more values was no way for immortal souls to behave. Grandma called it carnal. She was not in the least distressed by their disapproval of her; on the contrary, she thrived on a good fight; she felt at her best when opposing something, or, preferably, someone. She was, throughout her long life, like those Emerson speaks of "who rise refreshed on hearing a threat, and to whom a crisis comes graceful and beloved as a bride."

While those about her, whom she regarded as materialistic heathen, sat in their darkness, she lived serenely in the light of the Gospel according to Henry Thoreau. Grandma read Shakespeare, Ruskin, Kant and Thoreau; and on Thoreau she modelled her domestic life. It was rather chilly to the body, but the mind burst into lovely flowers. And that was what life should be, was her dictum, as she took her bit of fruit and her hunk of home-made bread, and, with these as dinner, sat in her beloved garden and soared into the Purer Thought. She hated and she fought against modern improvement. Her ideal was the ideal of the eighteenth century; she was, indeed, completely eighteenth century herself. The less need, the less unnecessary work, was her motto.

So, contemptuously, she regarded her silly neighbours. "There seemed to be no limit to the pains which women were willing to take in order to conform to that severe standard of perfect housekeeping." "She keeps her kitchen floor so clean yer could eat yer bread an' milk off it." Emulation of that appetising achievement led to endless damp drudgery on hands and knees. Miss Cole's old white mare, of irreproachable character, had to submit, at least once a month, to an all-over scouring with Sapolio and a thorough rinse in good dark bluing water.



LITERARY ADVOCATES OF NATIONAL SERVICE

Major Yeats-Brown, the author of that good fighting book, "Bengal Lancer," afterwards, as we know, filmed; Mr. R. C. Sheriff, author of "Journey's End," and Miss Pamela Frankau, literary daughter of Gilbert Frankau, who were among the recent speakers at the meeting at Montagu House

"The reputation of being first out on the line Monday morning was zealously coveted. A triumphant bellying from the clothes-line of white sails or sheets, boastful flapping of the long legs of manly under-drawers before the envious eyes of a neighbour woman just rushing out to hang up her wash, was the high hope in every perfect housekeeper's breast. The rule of this competition was strict. To get a good head start by beginning the washing Sunday evening was a temptation, but was considered extremely irreligious—more than that, in this sport it constituted a foul. Some women were suspected of cheating, nevertheless. It was, however, allowed Sunday night after meeting, to put the clothes to soak, and to get up at four in the morning and wash by kerosene lamp-light. That was held to be fair enough. Yet all the time our village and the country round was full of dawns and sunsets and starry nights; of early spring, when the dusk thawing hylas shrilled like sleighbells, and the whippoorwill insisted. . . . But almost no one stopped drudging to look; almost no one turned an ear to listen." Except Grandma Griswold. Therein lay her wisdom and the justification of her rule. A formidable, but such an endearing woman—once understood.

Yet, although she is magnificently the centre of the picture, North Stonefield and its inhabitants and customs fill in most amusingly her back-ground. Calvin inspired their religion and respectability their daily life. The body was a tabooed subject. To try to improve looks was regarded with more than suspicion. "Cosmetics? In the whole town there were none. Mysteriously enough, hair was the one gift it was considered right to praise and improve. Women had a lot of hair. I cannot understand why eyes, complexion and figure had to be ignored, neglected, and hair was all right. Perhaps it was because it was regarded as a good thrifty crop of something, like corn, that we had raised ourselves. Perhaps, since hair obviously hates order, it was because of the scope it gave us for subduing something. Perhaps it was because it could be crimped, a process approved not so much because the crimps made us look better—a very little better—by day as because the pins and rags made us look forbidding by night."

And although very few of the neighbours ventured over Grandma Griswold's threshold, her family paid visits to her at long intervals of time. And of this family, Brother Matthew was the most impressive. "He had been a missionary—to those sitting in darkness—though the spiritual skies weren't any too bright in his home-town. But foreign missions have

(Continued on page 58)



JOHN BARCLAY

The author of that unusual and exciting first novel, "Lamp of Heaven." John Barclay has been a sheep-shearer, seaman, diamond merchant, publicity agent, journalist and hunted for buried treasure in Bolivia, where many scenes of this very intriguing novel are set



THE PRINCESS SAJEDA SULTAN—
TO BE MARRIED TO THE NAWAB OF PATAUDI

The wedding of the younger daughter of one of India's most sporting Princes, H.H. the Nawab of Bhopal, to someone else whose name is writ very large in the world of sport, the Nawab of Pataudi, is fixed to take place on April 21, in Bhopal. The Nawab of Bhopal is the second greatest Muslim ruler in India, ranking next after H.H. the Nizam of Hyderabad, and he is also one of the finest polo players in the game. London has many pleasant recollections of the fine team he brought over a couple of seasons ago. The Nawab of Pataudi, as all good cricketers know, first got his Blue at Oxford in 1929. He got a century in his first 'Varsity match, and 102 for England in his first Test Match, v. Australia, in 1932

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

always attracted more than home ones, perhaps because in the foreign field one is, at the close of one's labours, able to get away and not be confronted for ever by their fruitlessness or—what may be worse—their fruits." And so this delightfully entertaining biography is made up of the unique character of Grandma, her relations, and the surrounding inhabitants of North Stonefield, as seen and remembered by the writer, who, as a little girl, was brought up amongst them and now looks back with that half-admiration, half-amusement which is the wisest and loveliest gift of memory. And she has made her childhood's memory-picture as full of laughter as of sighs. Speaking personally, to have missed meeting Grandma and to have failed to visit North Stonefield would have been a real personal loss. Having met her and visited the little town, my acquaintance with both will eagerly be renewed from time to time. It is good to come across such a curiously interesting and wholly entertaining book. So charming and yet so funny.

Thoughts from "Grandma Called It Carnal."

"It is tragic that some gifts I have to be made so costly, so damaging to the giver, that there remains no small part of the giver to go with the gift, which must, therefore, remain bare."

"To point upward as a gesture is easy to make and easy to admire. To 'live according' is harder."

"The universe seems bankrupt as soon as we begin to discuss the character of individuals. Our discourse all runs to slander, and our limits grow narrower as we advance."

A Remarkably Powerful Story. Strange as it may appear to readers of Wessel Smitter's most powerful and moving story, "F.O.B. Detroit" (Dent; 7s. 6d.), there is something spiritually akin between Grandma Griswold, so peaceful, so calm, so self-contained, and Russ, formerly a lumberman, and, when the story begins, a bit of human mechanism, hopelessly rebellious. Only, whereas Grandma Griswold was too old when modern mechanical progress on a universal scale became an everyday commonplace, poor, wretched Russ was, so to speak, seized by it, his body and soul ground down to the only kind of human pattern which can live merely as a machine. Always he longed to get back once again to the freedom of the forest and to nature in the wild; but, economically, he is not a free man. Yet, in order to obtain this freedom, he takes on a job in the huge Holt motor factory. In the beginning he is fairly content. Working the great crane is interesting, and his wages promise eventual liberation. Moreover, the job needs skill; it is not merely monotonous repetition.

Nevertheless, after a little while a technical reorganisation makes the crane unnecessary, and Russ and his friend (who tells the story) are forced to take a job in the assembly line—a job utterly repetitious and mind-deadening: the same

small duty performed from morning to night. To men of imagination and intelligence there can be only one result—a slow, but certain, form of neurosis. For a long time Russ struggles against his mental and physical fetters, the grinding down of his individuality to the lowest form of human denominator. But in the end he is beaten, and in his defeat comes to disaster. This, however, is only a brief outline of a story which is haunting in its vivid portrayal of a man, and men, gradually being sent almost insane by the mindless monotony of purely mechanical labours. There are certain scenes in the story which have the nightmare quality—not of dreams, but of a relentless truth. This is an adult novel—powerful, moving, utterly sincere and tremendously thought-compelling. It makes you feel deeply and it makes you think.

Dockland Settlements.

For such men as poor Russ, especially for youths who, as youth always is, are free spirits about to enter all-unknowingly an unfree world, such a book as Sir Reginald Kennedy-Cox's "Through the Dock Gates" (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.) does, at least, bring consolation, if not complete hope. Everybody now knows the splendid history of the Dockland Settlements (which have now spread to Bristol and Southampton), and this book is a brief re-telling of the scheme, as well as an earnest plea for more and for larger clubs. Incidentally, for anyone who looks forward to helping in this truly valuable social work, it is a book of most real information. It is as inspiring as it is full of common sense—not always associated in social inspirations, or any other, perhaps. And, for the right type of man or woman, what a satisfying and humanely valuable labour it is—whether it be performed in the nursery schools or in the settlement clubs themselves! For others it is the continuation of a remarkable achievement, whose beginnings are already well known. And, speaking personally, it contains such good, practical advice to those in authority who, with the best intentions, are making unconsciously the lives of the working-class poor often harder, instead of easier.

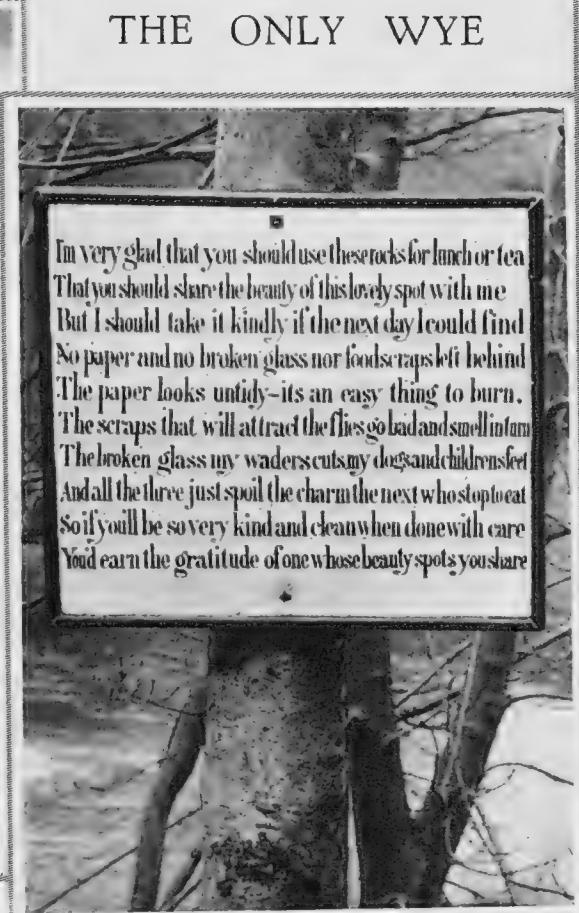
Here is a man who has spent his life among them and speaks from personal experience. So that, apart from one's own understanding of the case, one is forced to agree with him that it is no solution of the problem of the slums to erect decent habitations too far away from a man's work, and the psychological effect of poverty is complicated, rather than solved, in the erection of huge blocks of flats where human beings are forced to live in such close proximity, one with the other, that the human spirit becomes stunted and confined. Moreover, I, for one, agree with him in his condemnation of the present rate of pay for old-age pensions. Altogether, this is a most interesting book on many most interesting social subjects, and it should be read and pondered over by all those who are interested in the lasting betterment of humanity, especially in the more poverty-stricken mass.



MISS VIOLA LUBBOCK

Whose engagement to Mr. Charles Arthur Chadwyck-Healey, younger son of Sir Gerald and Lady Chadwyck-Healey, was announced last month. Miss Viola Lubbock is the youngest of the four daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lubbock. Her father, who belongs to a collateral branch of the family which Lord Avebury heads, is a director of the Bank of England and one of H.M.'s Lieutenants for the City of London. Through her mother this attractive bride-to-be is a niece of the Bishop of St. Albans (the Rt. Rev. Michael Furse, D.D.)

THE ONLY WYE

COLONEL R. STAPLETON-COTTON
ON THE RIVER WYE AT ERWOOD

A POLITE HINT PUT UP NEAR ERWOOD

INTO A FISH IN THE "CARROTS" POOL:
CAPTAIN H. S. HARRISON-WALLACENEAR GLASBURY: MRS. CARLOS-CLARKE AND THE HON.
MRS. HARTMAN, LORD BAYFORD'S DAUGHTER

The River Wye, perhaps the most famous of all British salmon rivers, by reason of the very heavy fish that travel its waters, reports the best season, to date, for several years. No monsters met our camera's eye, but Mr. Gerard Clay, Lord of the Manor of Brockhampton, appeared quite pleased with his 22-pounder. Captain Harrison-Wallace, late of the Royal Navy, often acted as fishing host to the late Prince Arthur of Connaught, and it was in this very pool that his Royal Highness killed a 40-pounder only a few weeks before his fatal illness. The Erwood neighbourhood, where Col. R. Stapleton-Cotton was photographed, is one of the Wye Valley's many beauty spots, and particularly popular with picnickers; let's hope the latter take the rhyming hint of a courteous landowner

Photos.: Truman Howell
MR. G. L. CLAY, HIS GHILLIE, AND A 22-POUNDER
KILLED ON HIS CAPLOR WATER

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

part of their job not to be. They were not yet in full practice after the winter? If not, why not? There is no excuse for a fellow between twenty-five and thirty, who is in good health and who has been in the game long enough to gain experience, to take 86 to go round a golf course designed for public golfers and measuring 600 yards less than some of the championship courses. Four under an average of fives! Good heavens alive, if I wrote one article quite as bad as that, I should get the sack in no time.

But let me be constructive too. Why should these fellows be knocked sideways by a stiff breeze (it was nothing more) and the sight of some heather at the side of very broad fairways? For what they are worth, here are my reasons. Firstly, they fail to keep the ball in play from the tee, largely because their style is not fundamentally quite sound. Anything does on a summer evening. Only a true swing stands by its owner in difficult times. I don't think they are keen enough to learn. Have they read Cotton's book on golf—only half-a-crown? Have they read Whitcombe's? Or that entertaining treatise of Sam Snead's that came out the other day? If they haven't, they ought to have done. Or perhaps they *have* read my own *magnum opus*, and that's why they are so bad?

Again, they do not make use of their rare opportunities to watch each other play. For two years after Cotton had won at Sandwich they would come up to me, after watching him play a few shots, and impart the news in a confidential whisper that this fellow was something different—as if I had not been telling them for years. Yet they had never seen him play before.

Putting, together with shots within forty yards of the flag, is numerically, what?—60 per cent. of the game. How often do they practise this vital side of golf? How many can truthfully say they have practised the short game for twelve hours in a year? Very few, judging by their appearance, for I am sure that, if they had, they would have realised the value of relaxation and repose. The Open Champion is in the forties, and Cotton can't last for ever. Is no one knocking at the door?

WAITING TO DRIVE OFF AT RANELAGH

The Hon. Mrs. Brand and Mrs. Nigel Seely beside the first tee at the start of the sixth annual spring meeting of the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association, for which there was a very good entry. Peaked caps have come back into fashion with a rush, and Mrs. Brand found hers just the thing for good visibility on a brilliantly sunny day

I CONFESS to having had some misgivings when I read that the *Daily Mail* were taking their golf tournament to a municipal course. It must, I thought, be a fluke if the same lay-out provided a fair examination for the Open Champion playing for £500 and the day-to-day public-course golfer. You remember how they used to take four hours to get round at Richmond Park, until someone—I think it was J. H. Taylor—hit upon the bright idea of cutting all the rough? The scheme was a great success. It not only made the game more pleasant for those who habitually played there, but it reduced the average time for the round by an hour. It also meant—not that this mattered in the slightest—that Richmond Park was certainly no adequate test for first-class professional golfers. Temple-newssam, the Leeds municipal course where tournaments have often been held, comes, I think, in the same category—satisfactory enough for the thousands who play there every year, but presenting insufficient diversity and cunning to bring the best from the masters.

In prejudging Queen's Park, the Bournemouth municipal course to which the *Daily Mail* took us, I could not have been more wrong. A fine, heather-girt, undulating "track" (as the professionals now say)—and I wish they wouldn't), a course that most North London golfers would double their subscription for. The greens, with the exception of five new ones which have yet to settle down, were splendid, and many of the holes were architecturally up to the best modern standards.

The first day was comparatively easy: on the second a strong wind swept ball after ball into the heather. It is easy to sit on the touchline and criticise, as I recorded at the time; but, upon my soul, some of the scoring was fantastically bad. Do I hear a voice crying: "I'd like to see you do better yourself"? That is not the point. Playing golf is not my profession. I therefore take the liberty of stating that, in my opinion, some of the young fellows who were taking 85 and upwards, if you please, were disgracefully bad at their job. They were nervous, perhaps, at playing in a big competition, the first of the year? It is



THE FAIRWAY OF FASHION

Another snapshot from Ranelagh on Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association day, featuring Mrs. Oliver Locker-Lampson, wife of the Member for Huddersfield. Besides her snow-white hood and jerkin, note particularly her leather muff for defeating the handicap of cold hands



MORE PARLIAMENTARY GOLFERS

Mrs. Alan Dower and the Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell making for Ranelagh's tricky course. Mrs. Dower, whose good new book, "Epic Failure," tells of big-game shooting with a camera in East Africa, is the wife of the Member for Penrith and Cockermouth. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell's husband represents the King's Lynn division



GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



CROWBOROUGH BEACON GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

The Crowborough Beacon Golf Club held their annual dinner at the Crest Hotel, Crowborough, recently, when, in the absence of the captain, Brigadier-General P. M. Robinson, C.B., C.M.G., the chair was taken by Mr. A. Phillips, a vice-president. Between fifty and sixty members and their guests attended. The first thing that will strike the golfer who has the luck to play on this course, is the view, and the first thing that will happen to him is that he will be taken to the clubhouse to look at this view, which really is superb, and cannot be equalled on any other course in the country, and, on a clear day, the sea can be seen. The course calls for very accurate steering in places, as the slopes are steeper than they appear, and the stranger who hits the ball light-heartedly down the centre of the fairway without sufficient calculation, is liable to find himself in the heather. The club has a membership of 450, and a more congenial lot would be hard to find.

POINT-TO-POINTERS HARD AT IT!



GRAFTON: MAJOR A. H. FERGUSON, SIR THOMAS WATSON, AND LADY FIONA FULLER



DOWN AT THE LAST ONE:
MRS. JOAN JOHNSON



Photos.: Holloway
LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY WITH
MAJOR AND THE HON. MRS. W. M. SALE



COTSWOLD: MRS. C. HEBER-PERCY, MISS JEAN ROTHERAM, AND CAPTAIN MARTYR



INCLUDING MISS A. AND MISS J.
BARTHOLOMEW, MRS. ABEL SMITH, AND THE
HON. DIANA HOLLAND-HIBBERT



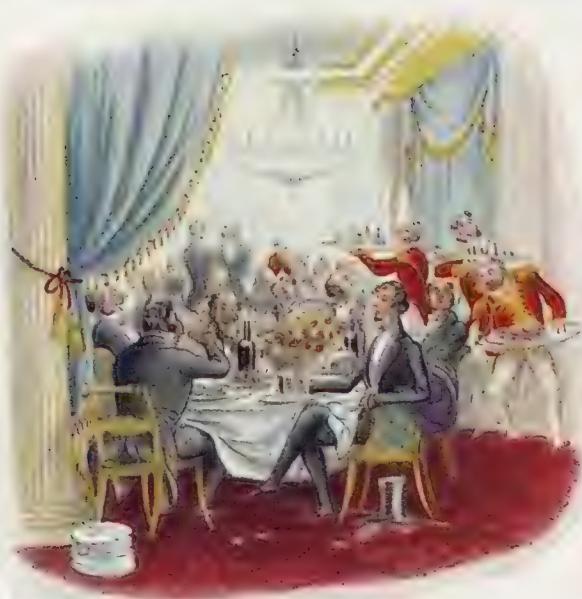
Photos.: W. Dennis Moss
MR. C. HEBER-PERCY, M.F.H., COLONEL B. W.
ROBINSON, AND MR. A. A. SIDNEY VILLAR

Some people are more up in the air these days than even the international situation. Point-to-pointers are a striking case in point. There has been, and still is, a big spate of these always jolly little meetings. Above find the Grafton, run over a line in this formidable country at Castle Mill, near Towcester. As the Life Guards' Regimental race was included in a good card, "The Tins" were naturally well represented in the gallery also. Lady Fiona Fuller, Lord and Lady Camden's younger daughter and wife of Sir Gerard Fuller, who is in the regimental polo team, was one of the Household Cavalry representatives, and is talking to two more of them, Major A. H. Ferguson and Sir Thomas Watson, who is in the Supplementary Reserve. The outstanding feature of the whole meeting was the closeness of the finishes. Mrs. Joan Johnson had none of the luck going in the Ladies' Race—a fall at the last one is almost the unkindest cut of all! Lord Amherst of Hackney is with two other Blues, Major Sale and his wife, who is Lord and Lady Southampton's youngest daughter. The Cotswold also had good fun, but very small fields, at their meeting at Brockhampton Park, near Andoversford, and, as will be noted, the popular Master and wife were well to the fore. Mr. Heber-Percy has had these hounds since 1934. Colonel B. W. Robinson undertook the sometimes bothersome job of judge

HORN OF PLENTY

"I LEFT the mate and went below Buck was still stretched but awake he felt wicked he said but I got him round with a dozen fresh oysters and a cooled bottle of Guinesses. I feel better already he said laughing. Try another bottle you must be thirsty. I did so, after this he got up took a shower and felt he said ready for anything."

A. A. Horn, "TRADER HORN IN MADAGASCAR." (Cape, 1939.)



SUPPER FOR MR. DISRAELI

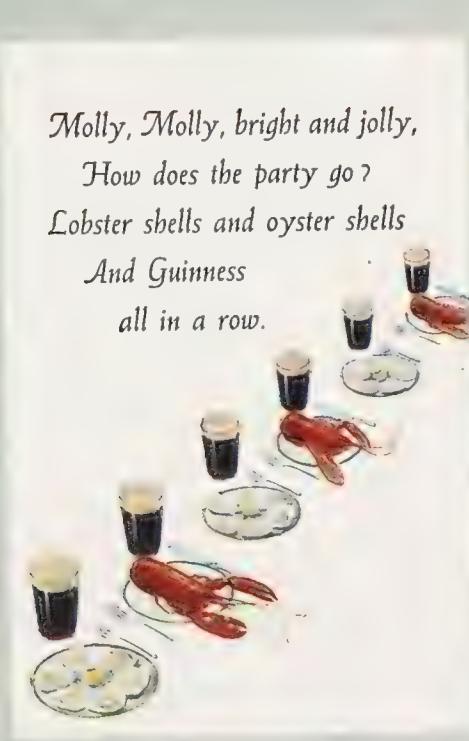
"So, after all, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria's first Parliament—509 to 20. The division took an hour. I then left the house at ten o'clock, none of us scarcely having dined. The tumult and excitement unprecedented. I dined or rather supped at the Carlton with a large party of the flower of our side off oysters, Guiness, and broiled bones, and got to bed at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."

From the original letter by Disraeli to his sister Sarah (Nov 21st, 1837) in Mr. E. Thomas Cook's collection. Quoted in Monypenny's "LIFE OF DISRAELI," Vol. II.



G.E.857

*Molly, Molly, bright and jolly,
How does the party go?
Lobster shells and oyster shells
And Guiness
all in a row.*

NOTE FROM THE
BEST—"CELLAR" BOOK

"The comeliest of black malts is, of course, that noble liquor called of Guiness."

George Saintsbury, "NOTES ON A CELLAR BOOK." (Macmillan, 1920.)

NOTE ON THE PROFESSOR'S NOTE
Guiness is, "of course," not really black, as you can prove by holding a glass up to a strong light and observing the "ruby gleam"

A PAGE FROM A GUINNESS SCRAP-BOOK



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

Thomas Heriot describing
to Sir Walter Raleigh the
new land of Virginia
after the painting by A.J. W. C. R.I.

*Harlip, New Bond Street*

MISS ROSAMOND FELLOWES — TWO RECENT PORTRAITS

The only daughter of the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Fellowes was presented by her mother at their Majesties' Third Court on March 16. She is one of the few people who can claim ducal lineage on both sides of the house as her father is related to the Duke of Marlborough, and her mother is a daughter of the fourth Duc Decazes. Before her marriage in 1919 Mrs. Reginald Fellowes was the widow of Prince Jean de Broglie. The Hon. Reginald Fellowes, who was formerly a captain in the 4th Battalion the Bedfordshire Regiment, is Lord De Ramsey's uncle



SAI SHOKI, A TALENTED STAR
OF THE EAST

Sai Shoki, the Corean dancer and star of several Eastern films, gave a dance recital recently in Paris, to which the whole town flocked and came away enraptured. Some of the Eastern films in which she plays the lead have been shown in Paris lately, with more than a modicum of success.

TRÈS CHER—Easter being the time of the year when the "Provinces" flock to Paris, it seems rather a pity that the respective managements of the Théâtre St. Georges and the Théâtre des Arts were not able to postpone the two productions with which they entertained us this week until after the holidays.

M. Denys Amiel's *La Maison Monestier*, and M. de Peyret-Chappuis's *Feu Monsieur Pic*, are plays that show up the vices and damn the virtues of two provincial families with such indiscreet thoroughness that one inevitably thinks: "Surely that can't be all 'that bad'!" One has a kind-of-a-sort-of-a-feeling that M. Amiel's family might just as well have lived in one of the exquisite old houses of the Place des Vosges, within a two-section bus-ride of the Bourse, as in the manufacturing district round Lyons; while *Feu Monsieur Pic*'s grim widow, inane daughter-in-law and doubly henpecked son were quite as likely to be inhabitants of Auteuil, Passy, or even the Faubourg St. Germain. Our dramatists have not even the excuse of the *décor*. There are as many homes in Paris where wax fruit under glass globes, green, rep-covered furniture, and an orange-blossom wreath—also under glass—framed in the best bedroom, are the principal outward signs of respectability and grace, as there are in Angers or Brives-la-Gaillarde, and one sees the same austere, black-garbed, narrow-shouldered silhouettes sidling out of the churches of St. Thomas d'Aquin or St. Sulpice on Sundays as one does in any provincial town or village. Therefore, adapters and



SAI SHOKI IN ANOTHER OF HER
DANCE POSES

Priscilla in Paris

British producers, please note: if these plays come your way—which is not likely—you may situate 'em in any town, street, house or flat that you desire; indeed, you can even park 'em on the various platforms of the Eiffel Tower—that is having its fiftieth birthday this year, bless it—if you want to be Cocteau-ish or original. I can't say fairer nor that!

Judge for yourself: M. Amiel's family comes from a long line of manufacturers. What, from father to son, these Monestiers manufacture is not said; so take your choice from toothpicks to sewing-machines. Some time before the rise of the curtain, these people have been overwhelmed by one of the usual slumps that come the way of all manufacturers, and the eldest son was jockeyed, by parents and loving sister, into a rich marriage with same sister's childhood friend, a dull duckling who goes by the fitting name of Martha. After eight years of unblissful conjugality, Martha has settled down to acceptance of the fact that, despite his good looks and intelligence, her husband is a dread dog, and what Saturday evening rejoicings come her way are but mere flashes in the pan, over and done with almost before they have started. She resigns herself to a deadly round of good works and boredom,

until accident brings some old but flamboyant love-letters to her notice; love-letters written by her husband to the mistress he loves and whom he still sees; and she discovers that her dull stable-mate can be, when the spirit moves him, another woman's dashing tandem-leader. The simple soul argues that, if he can cast off his penny-plain habits in such a tuppence-coloured manner, it is surely her turn to look at the pretty pictures, and this state of affairs leads us, after an interval during which the first-night audience bashfully spoke of other matters, to a third act that was one long duologue between Martha and her husband in a charming but painfully neat bedroom. A duologue that is really a monologue occasionally interrupted by the husband's rueful exclamation, "My dear, you embarrass me"; and that goes to prove something that the late Anna de Noailles has stated more succinctly than M. Amiel: "La douleur et la mort sont moins involontaire que le choix du désir." The play ends with the banging of a door, and one hopes that the bang expresses Martha's tardy determination to quit while the quitting is still worth while.

Feu Monsieur Pic is still more grim. The action—if action there be—takes place during the forty-eight hours that follow M. Pic's death. The demise of this insignificant little man amazingly jolts his relatives out of the rut in which they live. His widow and daughter-in-law fight so jealously over M. Pic, the son, that this worthy leaves home to start life anew, even before the undertaker has had time to use his tape-measure. His wife and mother, aghast at the scandal, plan and plot in order to prevent the fact of his absence from being known. The mother, by degrees, realises that she has loved her son selfishly, and vows

that she will be less selfish in the future; the wife makes up her mind that, if only he returns, she will be less jealous, less exacting, and, above all, that she will cease to nag him as she had done in the past. Poor M. Pic (the son), how wise he would have been to stay away, but he is the sort of poor fool who hugs his chains, and he returns. After the first five minutes of rejoicing over the prodigal the old habits resume their sway, and the curtain falls as the mother starts to lay down the law in her customary manner.

PRISCILLA.

A STAR-SPANGLED PAGE



VIRGINIA BRUCE AND NELSON EDDY IN "LET FREEDOM RING"—THEIR FIRST JOINT EFFORT

The first association of Virginia Bruce and Nelson Eddy is a conjunction of stars of the first magnitude and should augur tremendously well for the success of this important M.-G.-M. Wild West pioneering story *Let Freedom Ring*. In addition, there are in the cast such heavy guns as Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold and Victor McLaglen, all with parts that matter. The film is due at the Empire in the near future. Ann Sheridan, rated, and justly, one of filmland's loveliest, was on location at Arrowhead when snapped with one of the local protectors of law and order. She will be remembered for her more or less recent success in that tough-guy thriller, *Angels With Dirty Faces*, in which James Cagney had such an exacting part as the gangster who pretended to turn yellow when *en route* to the "chair" to discourage any young admirers he may have had. Ann Sheridan is now to be starred in various

Warner Brothers' pictures



ANN SHERIDAN (ALSO BELOW)
JOINS THE ARROWHEAD COPS



ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT



A LESSON IN FINGER-PRINTS: GEORGE BUTLER, MICHAEL SHEPLEY, MARCUS BARRON, ANN TODD



A BARGAIN IN GLANDS: LESLIE BANKS, LESLIE DWYER

TOM TITT

WHY pick on adrenals? Mr. Barré Lyndon, having set out to invent a modern Faust for *The Man in Half Moon Street*, needed the means to make an old man young. A Mephistopheles would have been out of date: the public would no more rise to infernal magic than to an Elixir of Youth or the Philosopher's Stone. The glands of internal secretion were the very thing: everybody had heard about them during the twenty years since they strayed out of the scientific journals into the editorial (and especially the advertising) columns of the daily Press. The man in Half Moon Street could be kept perennially young by giving him new glands for old.

At this point, the author no doubt wondered which of the glands of internal secretion to choose for his metabolic magicking. The thyroid, as the gland of energy, no doubt tempted him; but old thyroids have been swapped for new ones (in animals, at any rate) without causing decrepit rams to skip like young sheep for longer than a brief flare-up. The pituitary gland, being at the base of the brain, would be ruled out because it is impossible to get at. Juggling with the gonads would have been a likely method, bearing in mind what Voronoff and Steinach have already achieved with them.⁷ But it would be very difficult, without making the Censor sit up, to discuss gonads at length on the stage, even in terms of pseudo-science or as philosopher's stones. Among the glands of hope and glory, there remained the adrenals, each about the size of a bean, which perform mysteriously from their base above the kidneys. So here, when the curtain rises, is John Thackeray, *atat* 90, but looking a fine brawny lad of 30 or 40 as, with the bared chest of Mr. Leslie Banks, he faces an apparatus for ultra-violet rays, operated by the young burglar whose adrenals he is about to purchase for £200.

Mr. Barré Lyndon is good at translating technical stuff into simple dialogue. The 90-year-old and his friend the German professor make rejuvenescence



THE DAILY DOSE OF RADIUM ELIXIR : LESLIE BANKS

intriguing, and talk just enough about it to suspend disbelief in the patently impossible. The near-centenarian even gets away with an Elixir of Youth. He drinks radium-water as part of the treatment, and this makes him go all yellow and ghastly in the dark. It would be a first-rate part for a master of sinister make-up like the late Lon Chaney. Mr. Leslie Banks never quite chills the spine as a monster, but he grips attention always, and works a few wonders with his attitudes; especially when, at the end, the metabolism goes wrong and before our eyes he slowly changes from a fine, upstanding man to a shuffling bag of bones.

As well as a chemist, John Thackeray is a multiple murderer; and here he is less persuasive. It seems that whenever he is about to have his glands changed in a major operation (it happens every seven or eight years), he needs large hoards of cash for further life and later experiments. So each time he picks on an inoffensive cashier, shows him how to steal vast sums of money, and then pours him down the laboratory sink, having first dissolved him in an outsize tank containing potent acid. He thus did in, and drained off, several cashiers in various big cities, after they had collected for him sums totalling about £250,000. But if he had obtained compound interest on one half of the first two collections (respectively of £30,000 and £90,000), he could have enjoyed, without further murders, an income sufficient for any chemist in quest of adrenals and everlasting life. Moreover, he has carelessly scattered his thumb-prints over the scenes of each murder. And how was he able to cash all the tens of thousands of numbered banknotes? It is so tall a tale of murder as to seem a burlesque of murder-tales. If some nice juicy killings were essential, surely they would have been more lurid, as well as more plausible, if the liquidated victims had been the young men who gave their glands to the murderer.

That, though, would have deprived the thriller at the New Theatre of one of its two best incidents. There is first-class tension (and excellent training for any cashier who intends to pinch

New Glands for Old

the staff wages) in the realistic robbery in a van. And the lecture on finger-prints, at Scotland Yard, is even better. With lantern-slide and demonstration it is proved to the worried experts that the thumb-pattern left by a murderer in Breslau during the 1880's, and in Lyons during the 1890's, is exactly similar to that of a forty-year-old man in London to-day. So the whole universal theory of finger-prints must be inaccurate, barring a miracle. Here is another example of Mr. Lyndon's talent for drawing excitement out of technical problems. By means of it he can make, while the curtain is up, the wildest dreams of Kew seem facts to me and you. He is less happy with his love-interest: the Marguerite for this modern Faust would be tiresome but for Miss Ann Todd's charm. Mr. Morland Graham's cashier is a dear little man. Good character-sketches come from Messrs. Malcolm Keen, George Butler, Marcus Barron, Leslie Dwyer, Frederick Piper and Michael Shepley.



ANN TODD, MALCOLM KEEN AND MORLAND GRAHAM



A V.W.H. (CRICKLADE) MEET AT THE MANOR HOUSE, KEMPSFORD

The owner of this beautiful old house, Major Charles Bryant, who used to be in the 12th Lancers, is seen on the right with charming wife. Mr. D. E. C. Price, the Master and huntsman, and his hounds fill the remainder of the picture

THE little game of "I Spy!" being in such full blast at this moment, it is good to learn that the Special Branch, Scotland Yard, is taking quite definite measures against the refugee "racket." Most necessary at this present moment, when we have got quite as many foreign "agents" on hand as we can do with and the hard-worked counter-espionage people have all their time cut out keeping trail of them. This was in the papers:

The usual method is for aliens to get on board a Thames-bound steamer and to be put ashore by rowing-boat before the river is reached. There have been other instances of refugees crossing the Channel by motor-boat, landing in small creeks or unobserved parts of the coast. Some wealthy "undesirables" have entered Britain in specially-chartered airplanes, landing in fields.

* * *

All these people, of course, are not spies, or in the pay of unfriendly Governments to commit outrages, such as causing explosions at munition factories and so forth, but a good many may be, and as we are living under much

the same conditions as we should were it a case of open hostilities, it is just as well that risk should be reduced to the minimum possible. It will never happen that the agent will be eliminated, for someone, who is really determined, will always get across and do his job, even at the cost of his life. The man who comes over from a foreign country is nothing like as dangerous and difficult as the man (or woman) who has been planted here for years and

clever enough to avoid even a breath of suspicion, or had his (or her) correspondence scrutinised. This class of agent is very often not an alien at all, which naturally makes things much more difficult. He may be in the clubs, the pubs, the offices, the services, the trams, the tubes and the taxis—and the buses. *Taisez-vous! Méfiez-vous!* Unless, of course, you are on the same job, when to talk may land your fish. It has been done! Some counter-spies have even been so unfair as to make the other chap believe that they are tight and quite incapable. This happened once when our man wanted the other chap to steal a pocket-book that had disgracefully wrong information in it, but all beautifully set out on official paper.



AT DAVOS: LORD AND LADY DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON

A sun-and-snow picture of a more or less recent bride and bridegroom, for the wedding of the former Miss Prunella Stack, the famous and very charming leader of the Health and Beauty League, took place last October in Glasgow Cathedral

* * *

It is reported to me that a large number of intensely patriotic people are anxious to do their bit by devoting themselves to the Secret Service. The desire, of course,



Howard Barrett

THE CRANWELL CADETS HOCKEY TEAM

The side which got beaten by Sandhurst in the first match ever played between the No. 1 teams of the two establishments. Sandhurst got away with a flying start and the wind behind them and were never caught.

The names in the picture are, l. to r.: (standing) J. K. C. Ralston, J. M. Barbour, K. T. P. Terry, P. Singh, R. L. Wade and D. E. D. Milsom. (Seated) P. E. A. Carr, J. W. Carmichael, J. Tillett (capt.), R. V. Herbert and A. Singh



SUPPING ONE NIGHT IN TOWN

Mr. Peter Pease and Miss Hazel Neilson-Terry at that favourite spot, the Café de Paris. Miss Neilson-Terry is the daughter of that famous actor Dennis Neilson-Terry, whose untimely death was so greatly deplored, and of a charming actress-mother, Miss Mary Glyn. Mr. Peter Pease is Sir Richard Pease's son and heir

By "SABRETACHE"



ANOTHER PICTURE FROM DAVOS

The actual spot was outside the Seehof, the foreground being filled by Mrs. Ritchie Tillotson, the Graf Carl Hugo Seiler, and someone very well known and much beloved in London, Tilly Losch

'arf the world to-night and the *demi-monde* to-morrow."

* * *

The lady spies have been either very low down or very high up, but we do not seem to have many records of Tweeny successes. Good histrionic ability, naturally, is an asset. Personal attraction another one, and an oily tongue probably a *sine qua non*. But even all these things do not always suffice. Garrulity is usually a complete bar, unless it is intentionally and admirably devised. One agent of whom I happened to know, and also knew later, was one of the smartest of his trade: he never stopped talking and yet he was a very great listener. The people

entirely commendable, but so very few could hope to be of any use. The qualifications necessary are quite special ones; the rewards never very great: the risks, even in time of peace, considerable. These considerations, of course, would not weigh, and never have, weighed, with the patriot—and a spy, to give him his ugly name, is a great patriot. But the game is neither so picturesque nor as thrilling as the plays, the pictures and the story-books make it out to be. I find at this moment that the urge is particularly strong upon the fair, and all manner of extremely charming people believe that they would make a shining success of it. It is common knowledge that in every war in history the Lovelies have been very extensively employed, but it has usually been one particular class of society that has had the biggest success. You remember the old yarn of the parvenu who said: "Yes, me dear, we know so many people that we are havin'



THE 17th/21st LANCERS WIN THE SUBALTERNS' POLO CUP IN MEERUT

It was some consolation to the regiment to win this year's Subalterns' Cup, in which they beat the 16th/5th Lancers 8 to 3.

The names in the above picture are, l. to r.: Mr. M. Eveleigh, Mr. D. C. Barbour, Mr. R. L. V. French-Blake and Mr. J. K. Maxwell

with whom he had to deal mistook him for a fool. Then later they found out. He is now dead, but, at the expense of missing a chance of a blood-and-thunder yarn, I am compelled to narrate that he was not picturesquely stabbed, poisoned, shot or drowned. He just snuffed out from fatty degeneration.

* * * *

It may be as well to point out without further delay that the spy must never dress or act like one. No sombrero, no flaming red-lined cape, no stiletto, no six-shooter, and whatever he may do, he should not ejaculate "Hist!" Few spies wear india-rubber-soled shoes, and fewer still are dark, unshaven and unwashed. Not a bad kind of spy is the one who can play the idiot boy without overdoing it. We meet him sometimes on the films and the stage, but he has also existed in real life.

(Continued on page ii)



ANOTHER LONDON SUPPER-PARTY

The place is the same as the one opposite, Café de Paris, and the people Miss Aline Pease, only daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Pease (for Miss Pease's brother, see facing picture), and Lord Jellicoe, son of the famous victor of the Battle of Jutland. Miss Pease was a Coronation débutante, and she and her family are well known in the Zetland country, in Yorkshire

Swaebe



THE SANDHURST HOCKEY TEAM

The side which beat the young fliers at Cranwell—for whose picture see the preceding page—in the first encounter yet staged between the first hockey teams. It was played at Cranwell and the score 3 to 1.

The names in the group are, l. to r.: (back) F. M. Cubitt, A. C. D. Smith, D. F. Ricketts, D. M. Humphries, D. R. Nugent and K. D. H. Rowlette; (in front) M. P. Dewing, J. F. D. Castle, W. N. Hayes (capt.), J. M. S. Smith and P. R. Snowden

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WITH MR. PATRICK DE LÁSZLÓ



MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY WHEELER
READY TO SELL LUCKY NUMBERS



INCLUDING MR. CARTER, THE HON. NANCY
LADY MAUREEN NOEL, THE HON. MICHAEL
FITZALAN-HOWARD AND THE



MR. ROBERT WHITFIELD
AND MRS. JOSEPH A. MACKLE



MARGOT FONTEYN AND PHYLLIS
BEDELLS (COMMITTEE MEMBER)



MRS. VINCENT PARAVICINI (NÉE MAUDE)
PARAVICINI, LADY TICHBORNE

The Ballet Ball at the Dorchester provided in London for a very long time. Dressing up in costumes was the central idea, and many people carried this out. The general effect was quite charming, and the faces all added to the fun. This was a great success to the Lilian Baylis Memorial (Vic-Wells) Fund. It will be remembered, by the Covent Garden public, that Margot Fonteyn, lovely Vic-Wells star, who has now danced for our delight in earlier days, was the star of English ballet. The Hon. Deborah Greenwood, inspiration, and Sir Anthony Tichborne's wife, Lady Tichborne, in a Danube costume. The Hon. Michael Fitzalan-Howard, prelate. Mrs. Anthony Wheeler, daughter of the

THE BALLET BALL



NANCY BOWES-LYON, THE HON. M. GUINNESS,
SIR AEL FITZALAN-HOWARD, THE HON. MARIGOLD
THE HON. GRANIA GUINNESS



MR. AND MRS. JOHN DE LÁSZLÓ,
WHO WERE MARRIED IN FEBRUARY



MISS VIRGINIA GILLIAT
AND LORD ERRINGTON



Photos: Swaine
DAUGHAM), LORD MILTON, MR. VINCENT
E AND SIR ANTHONY TICHBORNE

ded one of the loveliest dance spectacles seen
ressing the part of famous ballets was the
his out. Others were less ambitious, but the
d trying to discover the identity of masked
onderful Ball must have brought in a goodly
Wells Extension) Fund, which also profited,
Garden Gala in honour of M. Lebrun.
was photographed with Phyllis Bedells, who
and has done so much for the well-being
Greenwood went back to 1840 for sartorial
wife, in wine-coloured velvet, recalled *Le Beau*
n-Howard, Scots Guards, made a most imposing
of Lady Bertha Dawkins, was organiser-in-chief



MISS VIVIEN BODLEY AND HER
FATHER, MR. JOSSELINE BODLEY



LADY BARTLETT ("AFTER" "LA BOUTIQUE
FANTASQUE") AND SIR BASIL BARTLETT



INTERNATIONAL POLO WIVES AND THE CUP THAT CHEERS

At the Santa Barbara Club (l. to r.): Mrs. Bob Skene, Mrs. Gerald Balding, Mrs. N. W. Leaf, Mrs. Hesketh Hughes, and Mrs. Eric Tyrrell-Martin



MR. GERALD BALDING,
ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN



"JUNE," IN PRIVATE LIFE
MRS. EDDIE HILLMAN



LORD COWDRAY AND MISS PAT AND MISS
BETTY KELLY

At the time these pictures were taken at the beautiful Santa Barbara Club, the only news of the coming International polo battle was that the policy of the Polo Association of America—popular prices—was making the seats sell like hot cakes. There is no definite news as to the final formation of our team, but most of its charming wives and Mrs. N. W. Leaf, wife of our Master of the Horse, are in the top picture. Mrs. Bob Skene is an Australian, the former Miss Betty Wheatley, and at the moment it looks a sitter for her husband to be in the team. Mrs. Gerald Balding is the wife of the O.C. operations in the field, who is now, let us hope, well over the bad fall he had in Kashmir. Mrs. Hesketh Hughes, the former Miss Bunty Puckle, is the wife of the possible No. 1. Mr. Hesketh Hughes was our 1936 spear-head. Mrs. Eric Tyrrell-Martin's husband is a certainty for the back end of our team, either No. 3 or back. He skippered our 1936 side. "June," beautiful as her name, is taking a great interest in things and Lord Cowdray, non-playing captain, is with two English polo-ettes who have been playing brilliantly in America, and who are both leading members of the Ferne Polo Club in Dorset

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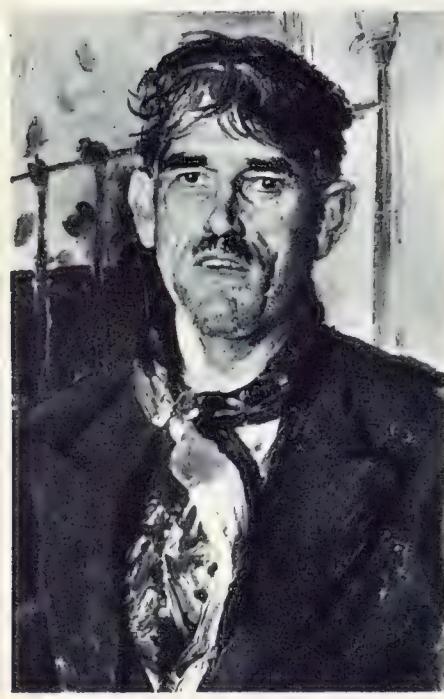
SIGNED "LAURA KNIGHT": GYPSY PORTRAiture



"THE CAMPING GROUND"



"THE CROWD ARRIVES"



"A GYPSY"



"GYPSY FINERY"



"TELL YOUR FORTUNE, LADY?"

The first important exhibition of work by Dame Laura Knight, R.A., since the pictures of circus life shown eight years ago, opens at the Leicester Galleries next Tuesday, April 18. It is the biggest and most representative show of this famous artist's career, and about 65 pictures will be on view, covering all the chief phases of her work during the past ten years. The wide range of the exhibition includes landscapes and seascapes, scenes of the race-meeting and the ballet, interiors, figure-studies, and a few portraits. A striking feature is the brilliant collection of pictures of gypsy life, five of which are reproduced here. For the last two years, Dame Laura has studied these people as she studied circus folk. She has been with them in many parts of England, even in camps within twenty miles of London, working the long hours in all weathers that such fickle subjects require. She has painted them in the hop-fields, in long-grassed fields with their caravans, or begging at the car door on the racecourse. In short, Dame Laura shows gypsy life real and unromanticised, with its weariness and joy, its freedom and its tragedy. Race-meeting scenes include Epsom, complete with bleached grass and booths, litter of Cockney humanity, gypsies, tipsters and lines of cars. Ascot, seen in rain and shine, has a more sedate atmosphere than the Epsom course, for even the gypsies assume a severer

dress. That is to say, that although their most stylish efforts are reserved for the royal meeting, gaudy and tawdry effects are suppressed as far as it is possible for these people to suppress their joy in display of colour. Many other scenes familiar to Londoners will be represented in this exhibition. Swans and ducks are silhouetted in tones of white and grey on the lakes of London parks, surrounded with early green on the blackened branches so peculiar to London trees. There are also views of the Thames in early spring, palely sunlit with blossom on the banks, and fishing villages and coast scenes hang side by side with ballet girls in tarletan skirts, and other figure-studies. Though Dame Laura Knight has of late gone to the gypsies for inspiration, her earlier love, the circus, naturally has its place in an exhibition which she considers represents her fully in all aspects. Nottinghamshire born Dame Laura, whose D.B.E. dates from 1929, was elected a Royal Academician in 1936, the year before her husband, Harold Knight, attained this rank. Examples of her work are to be found in the Diploma Gallery, R.A., Tate Gallery, British Museum and Victoria and Albert Museum, in America, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, as well as in any number of provincial galleries. Three years ago she published "Oil Paint and Grease Paint," an admirable autobiography



It's still a marvel to me....

● "This is my first trip to America and I'm still in a sort of dazed amazement at the charm and comfort of everything!"

"You're not the only one. This is my fifteenth crossing—and I'm still trying to put my finger on the Nord Lloyd secret."

"Sounds delightfully mysterious! What secret do you mean?"

"Well, when you've crossed as often as

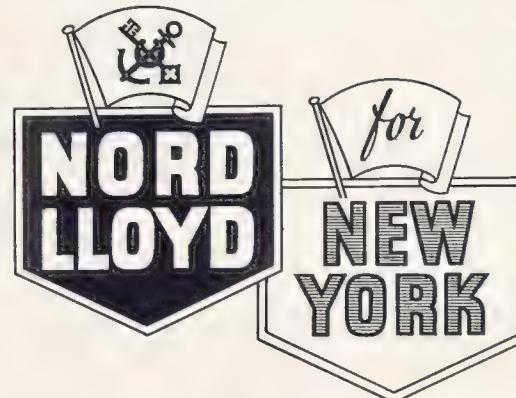
I have, you'll realize there's a 'something' about the 'Bremen' and the 'Europa' which makes them particularly happy ships."

"You mean a 'something' more than this wonderful size and speed and luxury?"

"Yes! Something that makes the very pleasantest people choose Nord Lloyd again and again."

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LAWN TENNIS ::

By
GODFREY WINN

WELL-KNOWN FACES

Mr. Godfrey Winn, the brilliant author of these articles, with Mrs. Satterthwaite who has been playing competitive tennis for a good number of years but can still give many a younger opponent points in ball control, courtcraft and physical fitness. Godfrey Winn, besides letting his pen speak his mind without fear or favour on all that concerns the tennis game, is a pretty good exponent himself, particularly in doubles

I AM not surprised that little Suzie is sitting in front of the fire, wrapped up in blankets, sipping hot drinks, and sighing for the South of France, where her two pigtails became very popular as she progressed from tournament to tournament, fully living up to her reputation as No. 2 in Hungary. Suzie is fourteen, and her real name, or rather her whole name is Suzanne Kormaczy. Look out for her when she becomes acclimatised to this barbaric northern climate of ours. I shall be looking out myself. Meanwhile, I must confess I have been playing for safety, and watching tennis indoors. And very stimulating it was, and full of question marks and hot air. But the hot air was the sort that warms the cockles of your heart, and here and now I award full marks to the promoters of the international professional tournament at Olympia for seeing that the spectators had not only full value for their money but also warm seats.

On the night I went, I found my seat was near an old friend, Susan Noel, who recently made such a valiant come-back in the squash world where once she reigned supreme. Surely it was very gallant of her after five years' absence on the tennis courts, to go into such strict training last autumn, and sacrifice the whole of her considerable social life—for she lives in rather a different world from many of the tennis players—in a determined effort to regain the champion's crown. Although Margot Lumb was not to be dethroned, and though Susan hardly did herself justice in the final, the fact remains that the intensive training and concentration to which she subjected herself, are bound to serve her in good stead during the coming outdoor season. No one will deny that she has a genius for both games, but although in the past she proved herself again and again a brilliant technician and tactician, she was not always, through failing strength, able to carry out the commands of her own subtle brain. But now she is trained fine, down to the last ounce, and is determined to remain so during the coming months. And I

prophecy here and now that some of the girls in the ranking-list will, before many weeks pass, find their scalps hanging at Miss Noel's waist. Incidentally, I still think that Susan Noel's book on squash, with an introduction by poor Suzanne, is the easiest text-book on the game that I have yet discovered. And one of my own most vivid sporting memories is of watching Susan give an exhibition against a first-class man, on Madeira's one and only court. The whole English population of the island, and some not so English, turned out to watch, and were compelled to consume many mint juleps afterwards, in the club-house, so parched were they from the expression of their enthusiasm. In every decade, there are just one or two players in each particular game, who become a legend still in their day, and where women's squash is concerned, there are certain angles that Susan Noel has made peculiarly her own, just as in tennis, Big Bill Tilden is still a unique personality, and in consequence, will go on drawing the crowds, as long as he chooses to turn out.

I noticed with distaste that a sports-writer in a Sunday paper—not, of course, the one in which I write myself!—referring to Tilden and his troupe, suggested that it was pathetic to see him using all his old tricks, but lacking all his old fire. I cannot agree with that cruel and completely erroneous criticism. The fire is still there, and the cunning and the superlative showmanship that enable him to miss a smash with such an air of panache that you are left with the impression that it was nothing to do with Anno Domini and everything with the fact that the row of electric lamps *must* have unsighted him.

When Cochet is caught in the same way, you do not make for him the same excuse. From that simple analogy you can see the degree of difference in the manner in which these two star players, who had so many battles in their amateur days, now impose their personality upon their audiences.

Of course, Tilden, now in his middle forties, is not the player, from the point of view of pure execution, that he was in the days when he came to Wimbledon for the first time. But then neither was Pavlova towards the end of her career the same girl who had created the Dying Swan dance for the first time. How could she be? Eleanor Smith in her brilliant autobiography has a moving sketch of the afternoon she stood in the wings and

(Continued on page xii)



MISS ALICE MARBLE

The famous American star, fresh from Night Club singing activities, gets going in an exhibition match on the Hotel Huntingdon courts at Pasadena, Cal. England is delighted to learn that popular Miss Marble is not only coming over to compete in the big tournaments, but is also to give London the benefit of her crooning, a recently-developed accomplishment



MISS JEAN NICOLL MAKES A GOOD START

The Junior Champion in play in the Herga Club's hard-court tournament at Harrow, which she won. Miss Nicoll reached the final (via Miss J. Simpson, Miss Zinovieff, Miss A. P. Cardinall, Mrs. G. A. Smith and Mrs. S. H. Hammersley) without losing a set, and then proceeded to beat Miss A. M. Yorke (Mrs. Little's conqueror), 9-7, 3-6, 6-2, in a fine match

These Matinée filter tipped Virginia cigarettes in their slim black case cost 1/- for 15





FRANK SHIELDS AND MARLENE DIETRICH
À DEUX AT THE CAFÉ MARCEL IN HOLLYWOOD

The picture was taken at that spot so popular with the film colony, and also with some others, the Café Marcel. Marlene Dietrich, who has been absent from pictures for some time, is scheduled to star in a film dealing with the life of George Sand, but so far it has not reached the production stage. Frank Shields has somewhat forsaken the tennis world for that of the films, and has had parts in one or two recent pictures

THE regiment was marching through the desert. It was terribly hot and dusty, and not a drop of water was to be found. One recruit was on the ground, his head between his hands.

"What's the matter with him?" asked the sergeant.

"Home sickness," said one of the men.

"We've all got that."

"Yes, but his is worse than for most of us—his father keeps a pub!"

* * *

The prison warden was examining a new batch of convicts.

"Here," he said to one of them, "sign your name on this form."

"Sorry," said the prisoner, "I can't sign it."

"Why not?"

"Because I can't write."

"Oh, I see," said the warden. Then he went on, "What are you here for?"

"Forgery."

"What!" cried the warden. "How could you be convicted of forgery when you can't even write your own name?"

The convict shook his head.

"Well, I think I had a bad lawyer!"

* * *

A bank inspector visited a branch in a small country town, and was surprised to find nobody on duty. He went behind the counter, checked up the money, took down ledgers, checked up accounts, and still nobody came near him. He then crept to the manager's office, peeped through the glass door, and there saw the manager, teller and two clerks busy over a game of cards. He thereupon decided to give them a fright.

He went to the front door, rang the burglar alarm and hid in the doorway of the shop next door. The din made by the alarm bell had barely died down when the potman from the pub opposite came across to the bank with four mugs of beer on a tray.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A man, who had been married only six months, returned home from a business trip to find his wife in the arms of another man. Whereupon he did a very strange thing. Instead of staging a dramatic scene right then and there, he rushed to the home of his mother-in-law. There he unburdened himself of his trouble.

"Just to think," he moaned, "that we've only been married six months—and already I find her in the arms of another man. Why, I even sent her a telegram yesterday, telling her I'd be home to-day. And look what I come home to!"

His mother-in-law patted him soothingly on the back.

"There, there, dear boy," she said, softly, "don't take it too hard. After all, you must consider her side of the story, too. Maybe she didn't get your wire!"

* * *

"I want some grapes for my sick husband," announced the forbidding-looking woman. "Do you know if any poison has been sprayed on these?"

"No, madam," replied the assistant, "I'm afraid you'll have to get that at the chemist's."



SIR ANTHONY LINDSAY-HOGG AND ADRIENNE AMES
ALSO CHOSE THE CAFÉ MARCEL

Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg has been absent from this country for quite a while now, and appears to be more or less settled in California. Amongst his recent activities has been that of working on a ranch. His charming actress-companion, Adrienne Ames, is not, at the time of going to press, in action, but no doubt as soon as she finds a part to suit her she will be in harness again.

The magistrate looked sternly at the man in the dock. "I understand that you have many previous convictions for burglary," he said. "I am sorry to find that you have sunk so low as to stoop to picking pockets."

The prisoner hung his head.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but times 'ave been so 'ard lately I've 'ad to pawn me jemmy."

* * *

An explorer says that wolf-meat is very nourishing. So some people have had a good meal on the doorstep all this time without knowing it.



A' Number of People know Eddie Marsh and he knows even greater numbers! His book which was serialized in *The Sunday Times* is to be published by Heinemann's and Hamish Hamilton jointly. Appetites having been whetted by the instalments, it is highly probable that this book will be devoured. Anecdotes in plenty and not one of them that will hurt anyone though certain to amuse many. Sir Edward Marsh entered the Colonial Office in 1896 and from that date onwards began going places and meeting people. He is, as the world knows, an inveterate first-nighter and patron of the drama

CIGARETTES
by
ABDULLA

TURKISH
EGYPTIAN
AND
VIRGINIAN
AT ALL LEADING
TOBACCONISTS



Going PLACES AMERICA IN LONDON

What shall we show Caroline
Straight from U.S.A.—
Dolled-up London slick and fine
Or the old and grey?
Cluster, pigeons of St. Paul's
Round her pretty feet!
Let the Tower's haunted walls
Make her young heart beat—

May she see the Lord Mayor ride
Grandly out of date
Symbol of the City's pride
In his coach of state;
Ancient gardens steeped in calm
Greet her shining eyes—
While Abdulla's fragrant charm
Points to Paradise!

F. R. Holmes.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES
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NEW YORK NEWS: EL MOROCCO AGAIN



LADY DUFFERIN AND AVA AND MR. RANDOLPH BURKE



MISS VIRGINIA FRENCH, LORD PETRE AND MISS CICELIA VON RATH



DANCING WITH MR. JOHN GATES: THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH



SCREEN STARS BOTH: DON AMEACHE ENTERTAINS DOROTHY LAMOUR



SYLVIA LADY POULETT IN NEW YORK



LADY MILBANKE AND LORD LOUGHBOROUGH

After-dark news from New York would not be topical without El Morocco's despatches. Here they are in picture form. Lady Dufferin and Ava, who had a date at this famed niterie with Mr. Randolph Burke, had lately come north from Nassau, and the Duchess of Marlborough was an arrival from Palm Beach, where she and the Duke, plus daughters, had been staying with his mother, Mme. Jacques Balsan. Essex

contributed the twenty-first Baron Petre, late Coldstream Guards, whose party of four included Miss Von Rath and Mrs. John Jacob Astor's sister, Miss Virginia French. Lady Milbanke and her elder son by her first marriage (he will be twenty-two next month) have been enthusiastically doing the New York rounds. For another Londoner on like bent, see Lord Poulett's mother. The latest from Hollywood about Don Ameche and Dorothy Lamour is that the former has just started work on *Midnight*, opposite Claudette Colbert, and that the latter is busy with Samuel Goldwyn's *Black Gold*, a dramatic story of the Texas oilfields. *St. Louis Blues*, starring Dorothy Lamour, was at the Plaza shortly before Easter

SEASCAPE

By PETER TRAILL

THE Editor, having caught a severe cold and shaken the damp of the London streets from his feet for a short time, was trying to play me at cricket on one of the penny slot-machines on the Brighton Pier. There was what yachtsmen call a nice sailing wind, and what I call a howling north-easter, chivvying the sea; there was no sun and the Marquis stood at my elbow, blowing his nose gently at regular intervals. The nickname of the Marquis was never so appropriately bestowed as at that moment, for, while he leaned against the wind, only an occasional lurch gave an indication of surrender, and that might have been due to causes which had nothing to do with the breezy onslaught. The Editor bowled me out and immediately became human.

"I flighted that one," he said.

The Marquis turned away.

"D' you think you can find a game to play on the sheltered side of the pier?" he suggested.

We followed in his wake and observed his dignified retreat, wondering where he would choose to take up his new position and face the enemy. He was wearing an overcoat of a pattern known as herring-bone, the bones of which had crumbled away, and upon his head he had a hat which looked like a brown clay bowl with wide lips, dented in places where the hand of the potter had slipped. The end of his long nose was a little red, and his eyes watery, but no amount of wind had disturbed the fine sweeping curves of his greying moustache. Stopping suddenly, he pointed with distaste at a hockey machine.

"Try that," he said to the Editor. "I'm personally willing to wager a moderate sum that Carl beats you."

The Editor, who, in spite of his cold, looked, as usual, prosperous and well-nurtured, told me to put a penny in the slot, but he was plainly not hockey-minded for the moment.

"Something will have to be done about your clothes and your finances," he said to the Marquis.

"You can pay my bill at the hotel, if you like," the Marquis replied. "I have no pride about little things like that."

"That wouldn't get us anywhere," the Editor said very decidedly. "It is no use doing these things by halves."

"I owe a trifle for my rent in town," the Marquis put in.

The Editor waved the trifle aside.

"I had a letter this morning," he said.

"From a woman?"

"Certainly," the Editor answered. "She's coming down to see me, too."

The Marquis sighed.

"I thought we were to have three days' quiet," he said.

"I can't help my natural attractions," the Editor replied.

The Marquis looked at him without speaking for a moment.

"If she plays backgammon, I don't mind taking——" he began.

"You're going to play a much sterner game than that," the Editor interrupted him, "the game of love."

The Marquis leaned against the slot-machine and surveyed him.

"Is this one of your cast-offs?" he inquired.

"Certainly not," the Editor answered indignantly. "She arrived last week from America with a letter of introduction."

"And you didn't like the look of her, so you want to introduce her to me," the Marquis exclaimed. "I shall move my things from the hotel." He turned to me. "And you'd better come with me, Carl," he added. "I feel myself *in loco parentis* to Carl," he explained to the Editor. "The young should only be surrounded with beauty. I don't want him soured."

"She's not very handsome," the Editor admitted, "but she's very rich."

"How d'you know?" the Marquis asked.

"She's taken a house in London for the season," the Editor said. "I went round and had a drink with her. She told me all her life's story. She wants me to launch her."

"So you fled to Brighton in order to escape whatever promises you had made when you were maudlin," the Marquis put in. "The whole business reeks of fraud."

"Not yet," the Editor said boldly. "But she's a widow; she's plenty of money and she belongs to that nice old-fashioned American crowd who like titles."

"I follow the fraud," the Marquis replied coldly, and began to walk slowly back down the pier, his feet as steady upon its timber as any admiral's on his quarter deck. "And I shall take part in it on one condition."

"What's that?" asked the Editor.

"That you don't indulge in your favourite pastime of blackmail," he answered. "What I earn I'm going to keep. I hope to be able to afford to give Carl a dinner occasionally."

"Thank you very much," I said.

When we were back in the sitting-room which the Editor had taken, but had no intention of paying for by himself, the Marquis helped himself to a whisky and soda, and, sitting himself down as near to the central-heating apparatus as he could, considered the whole position.

"What is the lay-out?" he asked; then he closed his eyes.

"Build the woman up for me," he commanded.

The Editor complied, and long before he had finished, the Marquis had finished his whisky and soda.

"She sounds like a nightmare," he remarked, helping himself to another.

"I hope you won't destroy the somewhat limited intelligence with which you have been blessed by over-indulgence," the Editor said.

The Marquis took no notice of him and very little of the soda water. "I take it," he

(Continued on page 86).



MISS BARBARA MCNEILL

Another attractive débutante of this year of grace, Miss Barbara McNeill, daughter of Mrs. John Dewar and Captain Ronald McNeill, is a granddaughter of Mr. Charles McNeill, who was Master, first of the North Cotswold, and then of the Grafton in pre-war days, and immensely popular in both countries. Colonsay and Oronsay, off the West Coast of Scotland, used to belong to the McNeill family. These lovely islands were sold to the first Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal on the death of Sir John McNeill, V.C., who was successively Equerry to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII.

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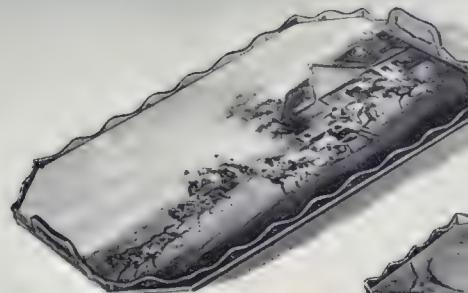
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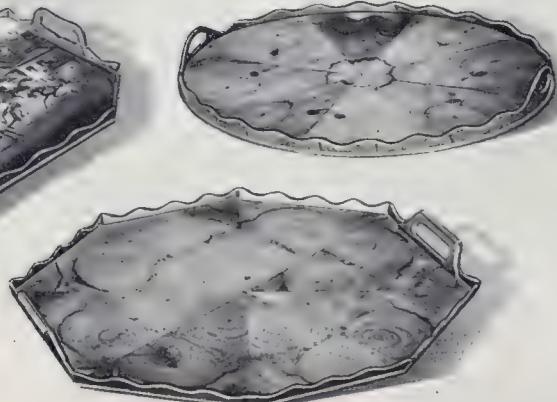
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Harmonising with any scheme of furniture, these pieces make charmingly original presents for weddings or for any anniversary.

Made in England especially for Asprey.

SEASCAPE—(Continued from page 84)

said, resuming his seat, "that the formalities of a marriage ceremony are essential?"

"You won't get a dollar unless she thinks she's a marchioness," the Editor replied.

"Very grasping of her," the Marquis replied with distaste.

By the time the zero hour had almost arrived, however, he felt more cheerful, and the Editor, who was determined to get an equal share of the bottle, was extremely optimistic over the whole affair.

"I can see you two," he said, "billing and cooing in—"

"There'll be plenty of bills," the Marquis put in. "I'm being somewhat pressed in certain quarters."

"You mustn't overdo it," the Editor advised him. "Let them fall gently, like manna from the skies."

"I thought that all fell at once," I put in.



THE HON. QUINTIN HOGG ON THE ISIS AT OXFORD

A recent photograph of Lord Hailsham's eldest son, taken at the sport which, perhaps, he likes best of all. The Hon. Quintin Hogg is an Old Etonian, and was up at "The House," and is now M.P. for Oxford City. He was President of the Oxford Union in 1929

The Editor scowled at me.

"We want no interference from you," he said, rubbing his bald head, which either the whisky or the wind had turned to a nice shade of tomato. "In fact, I think you ought to make yourself scarce. You're young, and, though you lack the noble lines of the Marquis, he looks to me as if he had the moths in him in places. We don't want any competition."

"We'll make Carl an honourable," the Marquis said, which I thought was generous of him, until I realised that I should have to write a letter to myself and show the lady the envelope before she would be any the wiser.

Meanwhile the Editor had started pacing up and down the room, glass in hand, which is as certain a sign as a falling glass to the mariners that there is dirty weather coming up. His eyes, too, were moist, whether with emotion or exertion I don't know, but the light of prophecy was in them.

"Yes," he said fervently, "I can see you swinging her up and down

in a rustic arbour, and round and about there will be—" he paused.

"Roses," I suggested.

"Thank you," he said. "Roses, and across the green lawns will echo the pleasant sounds of cocktails being shaken."

The Marquis looked unhurriedly at his watch.

"That reminds me," he put in, laying his hand upon the bell.

The Editor, warming up to his theme, covered the carpet with quickened strides.

"Yes," he continued, "I can see it all. Beds and beds of strawberries with leaves, and you in your ermine, your coronet on your fine head of hair, gently rocking the almighty dollar. Grands and baby grands will cover the sward; and I'll have my little suite facing the wall where the peaches are."

The Marquis appeared about to interrupt, when the waiter came in answer to the bell.

"Three large dry Martinis," the Marquis ordered.

"And you'll be wearing a new tie," the Editor went on, paying no attention to the interruption, "and a diamond pin in it, with someone's else's crest on."

"I shall honour my old regiment by wearing theirs," the Marquis said stiffly.

The Editor, diving towards the side-board and taking the bottle in his hand, wrung from it its final amber tear; the syphon gave a despairing gurgle, and, once more in his stride, he assumed his prophetic guise.

"A small yacht would be useful. I want to renew my acquaintance with the sea," he went on. "I can't see her now riding in the—" he hesitated.

"Bay," I put in.

"Thank you," he said. "Bay. 'Here and here did England help me. How can I help England? Say.' And you'll be a member of the Squadron."

"I shall fly my own house-flag," the Marquis remarked.

"And we'll put in at Nassau," the Editor swept on. "That's where pretty women ought to be. On islands. They can't get off them."

"I shall need one or two on the boat," the Marquis said.

"Madame is plainly going to give me a pain in the neck."

"Carl can look after madame," the Editor continued, enthusiastically; "for that he can have a free passage."

The waiter returned with the Martinis at this point: he also bore a note upon his tray, which he handed to the Editor, who gave it to me.

"Read it, Carl," he commanded. "I haven't my glasses with me. 'She is coming, my own, my sweet; were it ever so airy a tread, we're here at the gate alone,'" he caroled.

I waved the piece of paper in his face.

"She's not coming," I told him. "She's got a box for the gala performance at the opera."

The Editor snatched the telephone message out of my hand and read it through eagerly. Then he collapsed on the nearest chair like a spent balloon.

"The—" he began, but he got no further, because he saw the Marquis's hand moving inexorably towards his Martini, his own being finished. Having rescued that, he looked with clouded eyes at the empty fireplace. The Marquis cleared his throat:

"As a matter of purely academic interest," he asked, his precise accent a little blurred, "is the lady's name Maud?"

The Editor stared at him as if he had never seen him before. "Maud!" he exclaimed, "of course not; it's Margaret. I called her Peg the other night."

The Marquis sighed.

"And to think," he murmured, "that I've been looking for a peg to hang my hat on all my life."

Before he closed his eyes he pushed the bell again.

THE END.



THE HON. IVOR AND LADY MABEL GUEST

A quite recent picture taken at a meet of the Brecon Hounds at Abercynning House, Brecon. The Hon. Ivor Guest, who is Lord Wimborne's heir, has been M.P. for Breconshire and Radnorshire since 1935. In 1938 he married Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways, youngest daughter of Lord Ilchester

This England . . .



St. Martin's Plain, Kent

OUTWARDLY but another lovely county, Kent has had its own peculiar ways since Hengist and Horsa first founded the kingdom. The social order was different there—only one noble class above the freeman (and the wergeld or price of interference with this last was twice as high as elsewhere in England). This gave rise to some oddities of land-tenure which still persist. And to this day you must be careful not to call the Kentish Man a Man of Kent, for there is a prideful difference between those born east or west of the Medway. Yet is this as truly England as any of the shires—differing in its traditions yet the same in its traditionalism—just as beer is essentially English and Worthington an old and very special expression thereof.



AIR EDDIES

By

OLIVER STEWART



GENERAL LORD GORT AT HENDON EN ROUTE FOR HIS VISIT TO THE MAGINOT LINE

At the invitation of General Gamelin, Chief of Staff of the French Forces, Lord Gort, C.I.G.S., paid a visit to France, and during his stay there inspected the famous Maginot Line and witnessed a tactical exercise carried out by French troops. This invitation was personally extended by General Gamelin when Lord Gort passed through Paris last month on his return from Egypt and Palestine. In the above group are (l. to r.) Wing-Commander Buxton, Wing-Commander Goode, General Lord Gort, and Flight-Lieutenant Gibson Lee

'Planes Across the Sea.

ALMOST as swiftly as the world's political pattern is changing, the world's time-pattern is changing. And whereas the political pattern tends towards tyranny, the time-pattern tends towards liberty. Every improvement in high-speed communications may be said to be on the side of liberty, but perhaps the most important of these improvements is that concerned with air communications across the Atlantic Ocean. Work on developing the North Atlantic air service is now going on with a good deal of success. There is friendly rivalry between the United States of America and this country, and this probably helps both, by stimulating both. The Boeing 314 flying-boat has got a start on us, and its achievement is worthy of respect. (I strongly disapprove, by the way, of those who seek to belittle the American performances on the grounds that they are a "publicity stunt.") Our new flying-boats will be at work soon, and with every flight the establishment of regular services for mails and passengers is brought nearer.

And when those services are running, a closer *rapprochement* between the United States of America and Europe is inevitable. The Atlantic air line project has been called all kinds of names; but it is likely to prove not only the most spectacular line, but also the most valuable to the real strength of both France and this country. If peace prevails we shall see it developing the same sort of blue riband rivalry as developed on the sea. There will be competition between the countries to offer the most luxurious and the fastest air travel. And that will all be to the good of aeronautical development. Indeed, when one contemplates the

possibilities in the development of large-size flying-boats one can hardly see the limit to them as yet. Hundred-ton boats have been freely predicted and nobody has yet suggested why that should be the limiting size. The Atlantic is going to be the most prolific breeding-ground for new types of large-size aircraft.

Salute to the Pioneers.

Atlantic flying, like all other kinds of flying when they come into the grip of large and dignified companies, is tending to get rather up-stage. It affects to scorn anything but machine-like regularity and the most complex and comprehensive equipment and organisation. That is all very well, but Atlantic flying would still not be possible if it had not been for the less up-stage, entirely inadequately equipped and organised pioneers. They were looked on by many people as lunatics. The very critics who to-day commend Atlantic flying as a major triumph were abusing the pioneers only ten or fifteen years ago for stupidly risking their necks. But they did not stupidly risk their necks. They usefully risked their necks to provide the foundation for the structure of proof that the Atlantic can be flown.

There they were: Alcock and Brown twenty years ago; Lindbergh twelve years ago; Brock and Schlee twelve years ago; Koehl and Fitzmaurice eleven years ago; Kingsford-Smith and crew of three nine years ago; Costes and Bellonte nine years ago (first non-stop flight from Europe to New York); Post and Gatty eight years ago; and then they come thick and fast until we get to Mollison, Merrill, Hughes, and Corrigan. All those pilots deserve recognition, and with them also the many who tried but failed.

The R.A.F. of Age.

Biological time, according to the French scientist who first postulated it, is a form of time which speeds up with increasing age. In other words, a year for a person of fifty is much shorter than a year for a person of fifteen, and this is supported by the fact that a wound in a person of fifty takes much longer to heal than one in a person of fifteen. It almost looks as if some sort of similar principle is working in the Royal Air Force. Certainly it is living faster every day. It is not only living faster in its rate of growth, but faster in its actual work in the air. For a youth of twenty-one it seems to be doing well, and it has achieved a first-line strength to-day not very far short of that attained by its parents, the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service, at the end of the war of 1914.

British Air Lines.

THREE new services in Europe will be inaugurated by British Airways shortly. In addition there will be the new Croydon-Paris service operated jointly with Imperial Airways but, I gather, organised by Imperial Airways and using their machines. This is to be worked on the basis of eight services a day on week-days and five on Sundays.

New Machines.

At last it becomes permissible to mention that in certain foreign newspapers details have been given of a new British fighting aeroplane which is stated—in these foreign papers—to be capable of nearly 700 kilometres an hour. It has two engines. Rumours about this machine have been in circulation in the air world for months and months, but as the machine was, and still is, on the secret list, it was

(Continued on page 92)



MRS. H. W. HESLOP AND PETER WILLIAM AT HOME

A delightful study of the wife of Wing-Commander H. W. Heslop and their young son. Mrs. Heslop's first husband, Squadron-Leader G. H. Martingell, was killed in a crash at Cranwell in 1936. While serving with No. 24 (Communications) Squadron, Wing-Commander Heslop acted as pilot to Members of the Royal family and Cabinet Ministers

FASTESt RUNNER: 100 YARDS IN 9.4 SECONDS. ESTABLISHED IN 1936. HELD BY U.S.A.



“Plus
a little
something”



THE SPORTSMAN'S PETROL

PETROL VAPOUR

By
W. G. McMINNIES

Cotswold Walls and Woods.

OME motorists take a lot for granted. Even the Cotswold walls and woods it appears. For the other day a friend of mine who is responsible for preserving good relations between the farmers and the hunt was shown a great breach in a fine old stone wall. In this case it was not the hunt but a party of motorists who had done the damage. For several week-ends it seems they had descended on this remote spot and filled up their luggage boots and back seats with stones to be built into crazy paving and olde-worlde rockeries in their nooky homes near Birmingham.

Another example of this vandalism was reported by a keeper who had discovered a party of picnickers encamped in the privacy of a plantation of rare and beautiful trees. When he explained that this was an unsuitable place for lighting a bonfire the motorists took umbrage. Can you beat such effrontery?

Of course, these examples may be the exception to the rule, but you've only got to look round any beauty spot after a week-end to see the mess that many people leave behind them. Tins, cellophane, paper, cigarette cartons, and bits of food tell their own story. Why they don't roll all this riff-raff into one bundle and burn it in a safe place, I can't imagine. But it's surprising how rubbish collects even inside a car. The average ashtray is soon choked with smokers' discards. Paper and packets accumulate and the problem is what to do with them. Which makes me suggest a waste-paper basket or its motoring equivalent as a useful accessory for the 1940 model.

Driving Technique.

A party of men who would be generally considered motoring experts were discussing driving technique at the British School of Motoring's Waldorf lunch to celebrate the school's 250,000th pupil. Though these men had been driving cars for the last twenty years and probably between them had handled everything on the road from an eight-horse Ford to a Phantom III, they agreed that should they have to go through a driving examination they would almost certainly all fail. Well, in the course of a talk on motoring teaching and technique the principal of the school, Mr. C. H. Roberts, invited us to submit to a test at the hands of one of his instructors. I have accepted the invitation and will report the result in due course. But

whether this wanderer passes or fails, his view will still be that twenty years on the road almost without scratching a wing and on all sorts of cars in all sorts of places provide a better certificate of fitness than half an hour's traffic test with a Ministry of Transport tester.

At the same function I learned that on an average it takes ten hours' instruction for a novice to reach a stage of driving technique sufficient to allow him or her to pass the driving test, and that the system of the B.S.M. is so thorough that 85 per cent. of its pupils pass. Incidentally, the school, which started in 1910, now has over 100 branches up and down the country. One of the most notable achievements was teaching a man without legs to drive in five hours!

Coventry's Two New Cars.

Coventry's latest models, the Riley and Triumph Twelves, reflect the modern tendency to combine an economical and compact chassis with a roomier sort of coach-work. The Riley retains the accurate steering and fine road-holding qualities for which this make has long been remarkable. If 70 m.p.h. is enough for your needs, the standard engine gives you all that. But if you want a bit more pep, there's the Sprite engine with special tuning and etceteras which steps up performance to 75-80 m.p.h., for which you pay £335 as against the standard £310.

I liked the look of the new Triumph, too. In this case the aim is to provide a really comfortable, roomy and well-mannered car. In the past, with the higher-powered Triumphs, performance has been a leading feature, but while the new Twelve is no sluggard, more emphasis is laid on its behaviour and accommodation.

With the arrival of these new models competition in the medium-powered family type of car becomes still more severe. Rover is always referred to with admiration even by its competitors as setting a standard worthy of the best British tradition. And then, of course, there's the Standard Twelve which I can say from a 400-miles' winter test, is a really remarkable performer, starring comfort, controllability, and thoughtful body planning as high spots. Which reminds me that Captain John Philip Black, who combines extreme business acumen with a love of horses, skiing sports, squash-rackets and swimming, for even a motor magnate must have a human side, tells me that whereas the general registration figures for the period September 1938 to February 1939 show

(Continued on page 92)



Good Samaritan: "Can't you get on? If you've a bit of rope I could give you a tow"

Depressed One: "Madam, if I'd 'ad a bit of rope I'd 'ave 'ung myself an hour ago"



Finely upholstered in pigskin hide, with woodwork carried out in walnut and embellished with every accessory to comfort, the interior possesses that particular charm only associated with the high grade car.



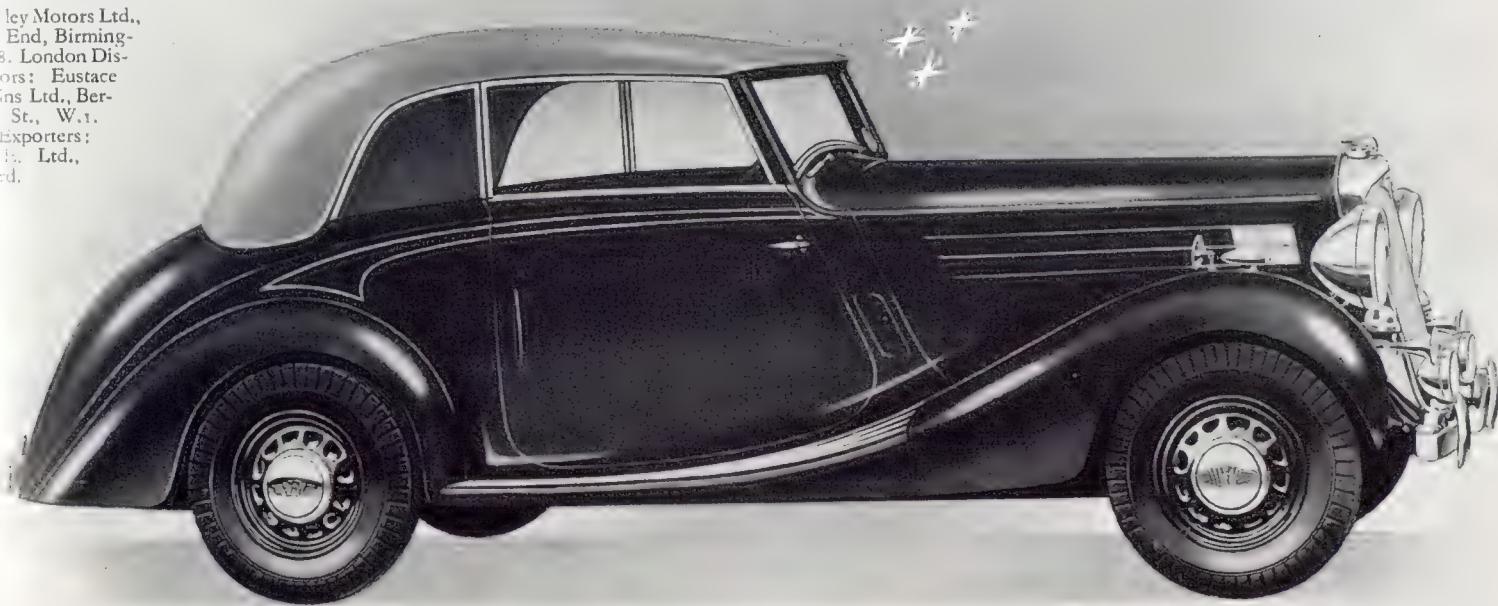
One novel feature is the winding quarter which swings down flush into the side. The control is noticeably smooth to operate.

Wolseley Motors Ltd.,
111 End, Birmingham 8. London Distributors: Eustace & Sons Ltd., Berwick St., W.1.
Sales Agents: Exporters:
V. & T. Ltd., Ltd., Ltd.

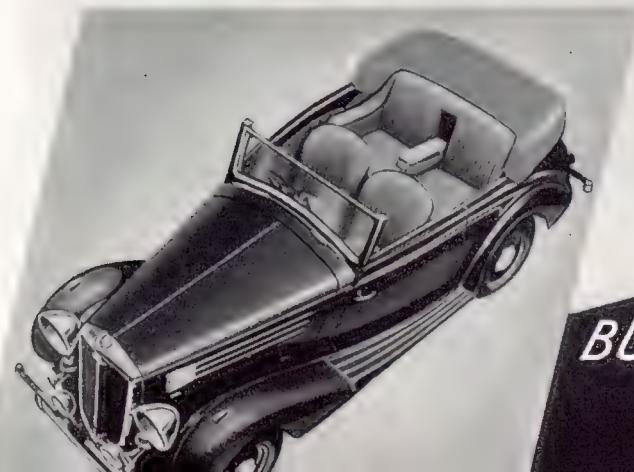
The WOLSELEY Special 25 h.p. DROP-HEAD COUPÉ

HIS distinguished, fast, and powerful (105 b.h.p.) car dispenses of any doubts that a drop-head coupe is the ideal all-the-year-round car. Wolseley engineers have perfected a quick-action hood which is a complete success, both as regards ease of opening and closing, and the absence of draughts and rattle. There is the comfort of the saloon

with the supreme advantage of being warm in winter and fresh and cool in summer. The performance is quite phenomenal—high maximum speed, really astonishing road-clinging on corners, and a quiet docility in traffic. Moreover, the body lines transcend the beauty and distinction of any drop-head you can think of.



Price : £ 498
Jackalls, Dunlops and Triplex, of course.



BUY WISELY BUY **WOLSELEY**

Air Eddies—(Continued from page 88)

impossible to refer to them. But publication in foreign newspapers lifts the official ban automatically.

In a way I am glad the ban has been lifted, for this shows that we are not over-concentrating on production and risking a fall in the quality of our machines. It is particularly difficult, when everything is turned on to production, to maintain high quality; but it is also particularly important. Quality counts for so much in air warfare. The new twin-engined machine, if it goes into production soon, should enable the Royal Air Force to maintain its quality lead in equipment.

* * *

Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 90)

a new car increase of 4.4 per cent. The increase so far as the Standard Company's sales go is no less than 59 per cent. In fact, since September last year they have made over 30,000 cars, while the special plant which they installed for the production of the highly specialized "Jaguar" engines and gear boxes used in S.S. cars is working to full capacity.

Incidentally, the 3½-litre "Jaguar" is a most remarkable car for the money. It has recently been buzzing round Brooklands, where a mean maximum of just over 90 m.p.h. was attained. Its steering, road holding abilities and appearance would do credit to a car twice its price. From a driver's point of view, it is unusual for a car of its size in that you can see both wings. I also liked its gearbox, for there is a minimum amount of travel for the lever and the gears are silent and slick in the change. And talking of gears reminds me of a discussion I had at the Daimler works. I have always had a soft place for the self-changing, pre-selective gear with its hand-on-the-steering-column control. This system, when allied to a fluid fly-wheel, as on the Daimler, or automatic clutch, as on the Armstrong-Siddeley, which pioneered the system, is certainly the most fool-proof and effortless change that I know of. Probably it is more expensive to make than the ordinary type of box, and that may account for its use only on the more expensive cars. At one time, perhaps, it may have been said that the self-changing box was heavier than the standard type. Today, according to figures given me for the 14 h.p. Lanchester, on which a self-changing or standard type of box is available, the former is only three pounds heavier, the actual weight of the Daimler transmission and self-changing system being 140 lbs. and of its opposite number standard system, 137 lbs.

Racing as an International Advertisement.

If you have never attended a great international Grand Prix race you can have no idea of the deep impression that a win in one of these events produces on the Continental mind. I have seen the crowd on a whole grandstand, reminiscent of the one at Sandown, rise up as one man and acclaim the victor. I have walked round an eight-mile circuit lined with people who had focussed there from all over Europe. And upon their return, the one thought that would remain in their minds was that if such and such a country could build such motor cars, it could probably build equally magnificent aeroplanes and other things which need not here be specified. Yes, an international motor race affords a unique opportunity for acquiring prestige in mechanical technique. That being the case, let me tell you what has happened in England. Rich man Humphrey Cook, who founded a team of British racing cars known as E.R.A., has spent something like £75,000 upon the project during the last five years. The team, led by Raymond Mays, has in its class done amazingly well and worthily upheld British prestige in Europe. But motor racing is not, at any rate in this country, a commercial proposition. So the time has come when an attempt is being made to take part of the burden off Mr. Cook's shoulders. A sum of some £12,000 per annum is needed to enable new cars now approaching completion to take part in the principal events of the season. Mr. Cook is prepared to contribute approximately one third, and subscriptions are needed to complete the total. The scheme is administered by the trustees, Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, Colonel J. Sealy Clarke, Captain Eyston and Sir Algernon Guinness. Patrons include an impressive number of names, including those of Lord Austin, Sir George Beharrell, Captain J. P. Black, Lord Howe and Lord Nuffield. Thirty-nine motor clubs, headed by the R.A.C., support the appeal, which asks for a minimum of £1 to be sent to the hon. sec., British Motor Racing Fund, 12 Queens Gate Terrace, London, S.W.7.

* * *

Item.
Mr. W. E. Rootes, chairman and head of the group controlling Humber, Hillman, Sunbeam-Talbot and several commercial vehicles manufacturing enterprises, is the newly-elected chairman of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd. Mr. Rootes, just over forty years of age, is one of the most enterprising and delightful magnates in the motor trade. He has travelled extensively and takes immense interest in the fostering of British trade overseas.



In 1906 they built the first Rolls-Royce. Those pioneers — builders of the best car in the world — knew that oil was the life-blood of an engine. They chose an oil with care and deliberation. They used it themselves and they recommended it to all Rolls-Royce owners. Today, 33 years later, Rolls-Royce still use and recommend that same oil — Price's Motorine! Yet, it costs no more than other high-grade oils! Use Motorine in your car — whatever its make or year.

RECOMMENDED OR APPROVED BY
ROLLS-ROYCE, BENTLEY, MORRIS,
AUSTIN, SINGER, VAUXHALL, M.G.,
BUICK, RILEY, WOLSELEY, ROVER ETC.

PRICE'S MOTORINE — THE 'OILIER' OIL

PRICE'S LUBRICANTS LIMITED . BATTERSEA . LONDON . SW11



“ . . . at last a British manufacturer is producing a car which satisfies our peculiar tastes and requirements, and, at the same time, possesses a top-gear performance which, in all its aspects, is, in my opinion, superior to that of any foreign product.”

Mr. Sidney Henschel, Financial News, 23rd February, 1939.

HUMBER

THE SIXTEEN
from £345

THE SNIPE
from £355

THE SUPER SNIPE
from £385

THE IMPERIAL
from £515

THE PULLMAN
from £750

*The Novel
Invention in
Cigarette
Blending*

ASTORIAS

20 for 1/-

Easy to smoke!

Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 71)

Foreign news from places other than those which we in England usually think of as "foreign," is a bit more cheery (perhaps) than that nearer home. For instance, this bathing news from the Madras "Lido." Someone I know who is at present stationed in the Benighted Presidency writes me:

"Until a fortnight ago we bathed every morning, but since a man in the King's (Liverpool) Regiment got chewed up by a shark bathing has been off, and we have got to wait till the next storms for the all clear to be given. Yesterday morning (March 16) we saw some fishermen bring in a couple of baby sharks, the bigger one was 6 feet 6 inches long and displayed a very fine set of dentures."

The whole coast, of course, is stiff with the brutes. The reason my young friend talks about having to wait for the next storm, is that, as a rule, sharks do not find it very easy to attack in broken water or heavy surf—and the rollers on the Madras coast can be extremely hefty, as many people know. In calm weather I consider that it would be entirely unsafe to wade in even up to your waist, and any attempt to swim would be suicide.

* * *

One of the worst places in those parts is Colombo Harbour, and I have never forgotten an incident another chap and I witnessed when we were out taking the air on that long breakwater which runs out on the west side. A German tramp was wobbling out to sea, when two of her crew jumped over the taffrail, meaning to desert, of course. We saw the two heads for about five minutes, then they disappeared. The ship sent away a boat at once, but it was quite futile. Those two poor devils had about as much chance of swimming ashore as they had of flying to heaven on a bicycle. Trincomalee, that beautiful land-locked harbour is just as bad, and there are, or were, naval orders against bathing at any spot excepting a wired-in pool. It is pretty much the same everywhere all round Eastern coasts and Aden Harbour, of course, is a death-trap. These sea tigers quite often go pretty far up the rivers. I do not know whether the Madras river, the Adyar, is safe, but I should doubt it. They have, or had, an excellent boat club, and I expect that it is still going strong, because I hear that the club itself is, which is all to the good so far as the local inhabitants are concerned, since it is one of the pleasantest spots in all Hindustan.

* * *

The schedule and dates of the Richmond Royal Horse Show are always some of the pleasantest harbingers of summer joys to come, although at one moment we all seemed a bit dubious as to whether this or any other function would be permitted to us. It may now be that we shall be allowed to carry on in peace, at least until the corn is cut. The Richmond Show dates are June 8, 9 and 10, and entries close April 29, or with double fees May 1. A date which possibly many people will like to put down in their engagement books is June 9, when the contest for the officers' jumping is billed. One matter to which perhaps enough attention is not sufficiently drawn is the advantage of becoming a member of the Richmond Royal Horse Show Society. The advantages are many. Each member is presented with the society's badge, which admits to the ground, the lawn, and all enclosures (except reserved seats) throughout the show. Vouchers which entitle two of the member's friends to all the foregoing privileges are also presented.



BEAUTY AT NASSAU

The owner of this beautiful figure is Miss Regis Glanville, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Glanville. Mr. de Glanville is Registrar-General of the Bahamas, to which delightful spot so many people have gone this winter—and good judges too! A good many other people are looking for a desert isle at the moment for a rest cure

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

makes an important declaration

TO BRITISH MOTORISTS

"It is good news to learn that increasing numbers of British motor manufacturers are recommending the use of Ethyl petrol in their instruction books.

"The influence of Esso Ethyl has assisted towards improving the breed of British cars, and has done much to make possible the amazing performance of the small car of today. Higher compressions were made practicable with the result that greatly increased power was obtained in proportion to the size and weight of the engine.

"I have owned and driven cars of many types and sizes and have found that, owing to the absence of pinking, audible or muffled, livelier acceleration and increased power is obtained when Esso Ethyl is used."



M. Campbell

THE NEAREST
THING TO
FLYING

ESSO
ETHYL



LOOK FOR THE NEW OVAL GLOBE
YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. Brooke

THESE are several silhouettes that are accepted for evening, among them being the full skirts and, in striking contrast, the straight line of the Directoire style. Quite a new note is struck when angora sweaters are seen in conjunction with full taffeta skirts, both plain and plaid. A petticoat almost of the crinoline type is worn in conjunction with them. The waistline has a "nipped-in" appearance, which is slimming



THE study in contrasts seen on this page have gone into residence at Warings, Oxford Street, and as in these days price is always of importance it must be related that they are 10½ guineas. The evening dress on the left is of striped lame; the colours are exquisite, as they are subtly blended and merge one into the other, making a harmonious picture. The other dress is of taffeta, and in some indescribable manner the pattern suggests foam. The corsage is gauged while the sleeves are puffed. There are dinner gowns in a new material in which taffeta and satin share honours. These have square necks and puff sleeves and cost only 7½ guineas

Pictures by Blake

Aquarelle



NEW ROMANTIC PASTEL MAKE-UP BY
HELENA RUBINSTEIN

Helena Rubinstein has created a breath-taking new make-up—Aquarelle. It has the romantic quality of a fine water-colour. It makes you look young, utterly charming, with a new fragile, pictorial beauty. Aquarelle make-up is perfectly keyed to the new colours you will wear this spring and summer. It is a complete, delicious harmony of iridescent rosy-beige and delicate blue, dramatically accented by the luminous rose-flame of the lipstick.

AQUARELLE LIPSTICK has biological ingredients which keep your lips lustrous, dewy; prevent drying and chapping; give glorious, lasting young colour, 6/6, 7/6.

AQUARELLE ROUGE AND LUSTROUS NAIL GROOM match the lipstick. Rouge, 4/6. Nail Groom, 4/6.

AQUARELLE FACE POWDER, a flattering, iridescent rosy-beige, becoming to every type, 6/6 to 21/-.

AQUARELLE EYE SHADOW AND AQUARELLE MASCARA, a delicate and deep blue to bring out the colour of your eyes. The Mascara does not run or smart; protects your eyelashes, 4/6 and 5/-.

TOWN AND COUNTRY FOUNDATION is Madame Rubinstein's ideal foundation to make Aquarelle make-up even more radiant and long-lasting. It conceals blemishes and helps prevent lines; guards your complexion from sun and wind. A day-long beauty treatment, 4/6.

WEAR AQUARELLE for a romantic delicate look, and with the new pastel shades. For a more intense, dramatic make-up, and for evening, choose Madame Rubinstein's deep, rich Red Velvet Make-Up. And finish with the universally becoming Peaches and Cream Powder.

Available from Helena Rubinstein and all the best shops.

VISIT THE SALON

for a Dermal Cleansing Treatment. By a unique combination of herbal vapour, light therapy (to stimulate circulation), inch-by-inch cleansing with a special extractor, masks and oxylation, your skin is freed of impurities, acid, discolourations and open pores. Visit the Mayfair Salon for complimentary advice on beauty.

helena rubinstein

helena rubinstein ltd.

PARIS

24 GRAFTON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

NEW YORK

EVERYTHING for sports wear may be studied on the second floor of Selfridge's, Oxford Street; as a matter of fact the section has been christened the Sports Shop. Although the needs of the tennis enthusiast are pictured, fashions for every game are to be seen, emphasis must be laid on the fact that they are correct in every detail. This, as every sportswoman will admit, is of paramount importance

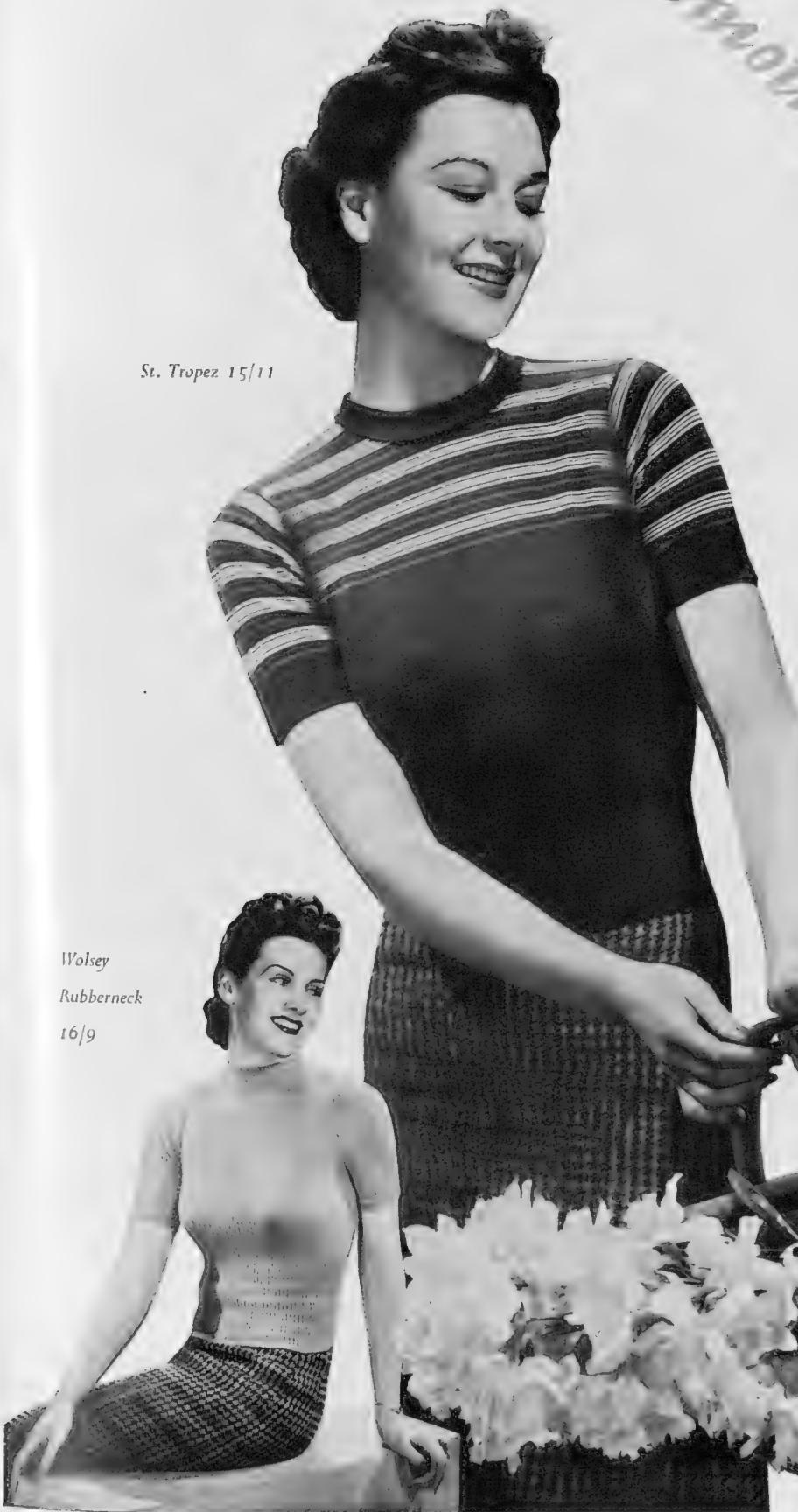


A NEW coat has appeared, carried out in "polo-pile." It is available in white, blue and gold for 67s. 6d., and is portrayed above in conjunction with a linen shirt with action back for 12s. 6d., and twill shorts with sliding fastening for 25s. 9d. En route from America is the collection of fish-net hair protectors in all modish colours, one of the advance guard is reproduced

VERY simple is the white Irish linen tennis dress relieved with touches of colour for 49s. 6d. The square straw eyeshade costs 2s. 9d. Irish linen also makes the dress-shorts for 59s. 6d. As will be seen, they are cleverly pleated. This makes them perfectly practical and practically perfect. It must be related that the linen eyeshade has a net top—such an advantage—while the cost is 5s. 6d.

Pictures by Blake

American SNAP.



St. Tropez 15/11

If you want the smartest tops for slacks, shorts and skirts—go and see Wolsey's 'American Fit' collection. Gay candy stripes in cool, fresh lisle. The sprucest 'twins' in angoras and filmy knits. Wolsey 'Rubberneck' with its elastic yarn 'cling,' hot from Hollywood. Frocks in big, French check tricot, two-pieces in saucy plaids and plain, all American sized. Have a pre-view of the whole collection. Write to Wolsey, Leicester, for their wonderful coloured booklet 'American Fit.'

Wolsey

Woolen

Côte d'or
Cardigan 12/11
Jumper 11/9



Wolsey
Rubberneck
16/9



THE knitwear collection in the salons of Derry and Toms, Kensington High Street, is of an unusually high order of merit. There is something for every one, and, as will be appreciated by the majority who wish to present a smart appearance for a modest outlay, the prices are pleasantly moderate. Illustrated above is a coat and skirt, the former cleverly striped and the latter plain, for 5½ guineas. It seems almost unnecessary to add that they are endowed with a tailored aspect. There are suits for the older woman for 49s. 6d., and fancy jacquard cardigans for 12s. 11d.

NEW— and knitted

THERE seems to be some doubt regarding the redingote. Derry and Toms reply to the question by the model below. Incidentally, it is an ideal background for furs, and of it one may become the possessor for 6½ guineas, including the scarf. The corsage is flatteringly tucked, tucks appearing also at the hem of the slightly flared skirt. It must be mentioned that the needs of the woman who is not quite so slender as she would wish have been carefully considered. There is no hint of dowdiness; rather have the models acquired an air of *joie de vivre*, that the majority of older women wish to possess





'The week-end is my beauty test, Jane Seymour'

"Yes," said this client of mine, "when I wake up in the morning in the country and look at my face in the mirror, I see lines under my eyes and open pores round my nose that I never notice in town."

"Well," I said, smiling. "Penetrating 'open air' daylight has a habit of showing up one's blemishes. But isn't it rather a good thing? It stops you living in a fool's paradise and makes you want to be more careful about skin care."

"It does indeed," she said. "I wish you'd tell me what to do."

"Go in for really thorough cleansing every night with Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic. Treat

those pores round your nose with Pore Cream. Pat Anti-Wrinkle Cream over those offending lines. Give your skin a good general tone-up with Vitamin Cream. Brace with more Juniper in the mornings. And keep at it! It's that little regular care that keeps you young and blooming!"

My advice has evidently made me her friend, for she called at my Salon yesterday and said: "I can pass my week-end beauty test with flying colours now!"

Any shop that sells my preparations will give you my book 'Speaking Frankly'. Or write to me for it—Jane Seymour Ltd., 21-22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712, Salon Extension 3.

Jane Seymour

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS





WOMEN today revel in pleasant surprises, especially when they await them in the salons of Jane Seymour, 21 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street. The picture above shows just what may be achieved for a guinea; shall it be called an introductory treatment? Frankly, it must be admitted that it takes two hours, but the result is wonderful. The hair is shampooed and set. At the same time a manicure is given, followed by a face treatment and pedicure, and then comes what is technically called the "dressing out." Of course, this is arranged to emphasize the individuality of the client. All interested in this subject must study "Speaking Frankly," which will be sent on application

THERE are many who take Jane Seymour's "Season Ticket" for beauty. It is a novel idea which keeps women groomed from top to toe with the least possible trouble and waste of time. The Petal Cream, Cleansing Milk and Juniper Skin Tonic are a trio of aids to beauty that ever become faithful friends, as the good work they perform can never be overestimated. They lay a perfect foundation for the decorative preparations, lipstick, rouge, powder, which convert a mere skin into a lovely complexion

JANE SEYMOUR'S Travel Box de Luxe is seen on the extreme left of this page. It contains fifteen preparations, and can be filled to suit the type of skin and colouring. A strong point in its favour is that it opens downwards and reveals the preparations arranged on neat shelves. In blue morocco fitted with a strong lock and key the cost is 6½ guineas complete



For the Season's Functions

This lovely gown of aquamarine crepe has a new draped corsage and halter neckline, embroidered with misty pink bugle beads, silver lined, and almond "shell" cabuchons.

Five sizes **12½ gns.**

Also in black, white and misty pink

Size 48, 1 gn. extra.

Model Gowns, First Floor

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Langham 4444

(Debenhams Ltd.)

Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 78)

watched an apparently old woman take off a shabby dressing-gown, and then suddenly as her musical cue reached her, become galvanized into animation, and softly drift on to the stage, as ethereal, as technically accomplished, as inspired as ever. But when she came off again, back into the shadows of the wings where the public could not see her, she was panting for breath, and perspiration was streaking her make-up. What matter? She was a great artiste, and she went on being a great artiste until the end. And it is said that on her death-bed, in the second before her spirit was released from earthly bondage, her arms raised themselves from the coverlet and fashioned the movement of her most famous dance to the sound of imaginary music. Or was it simply that those who were already mourning could not hear it?

Mind you, you mustn't imagine from that comparison that I think Tilden is reaching the end of his career. On the contrary, I believe that he is just commencing a brand new one, that is already bringing him great satisfaction and many congratulations. I refer to his activities as a coach. Later on, in one of these articles, I hope to provide you with a practical demonstration of his teaching methods, with myself as the pupil, or rather one of them, but meanwhile, let it be put on record that during the fortnight that this latest professional tournament was staged at Olympia, thousands of school children had the opportunity every afternoon of listening to Tilden explain the secrets of technique, with a line-up of such names as Stoefen, Maskell, Cochet, Ramillon and Nusslein, to give point to his remarks by personal displays of the stroke that was their own particular perfection. Such coaching, such displays, *must* do good, must light a torch in the imagination of the younger generation, must surely be the means of producing successors to Perry and Austin, one day. Not this year, not next, not for ten years perhaps. But one day, *if*—and it is a big if—Tilden receives not only the support of the parents who possess keen tennis youngsters, but also of the governing body of the game. And so far no mule has ever lived up to its reputation like the L.T.A. Had they the courtesy, the vision, the common sense, to accept invitations to the friendly dinner that started the ball rolling at Olympia? Sir Louis Greig, who is high up in authority where Wimbledon itself is concerned, was among the guests and clearly enjoyed himself. But Mr. Sabelli stayed away. In consequence, you can imagine Tilden's feelings when, a few afternoons later, just about to go out to the audience of children waiting for him, a stranger touched his arm and explained that he had been sent by Mr. Sabelli to take notes of the master's lecture. Can you

give me any help, Mr. Tilden? Have you any notes written out that I might see? To which Big Bill drawing himself up to his full height replied in his best and most pulverizing drawl, "Tell your master that if he wishes to avail himself of my coaching services, I shall be delighted to accept, at my usual fee."

History does not relate as yet whether Mr. Sabelli got his notes (for nothing) and to what use he will put them during the coming season, if he did. But history will relate that in 1939 the professionals gained a notable victory in their unfortunate war against the English L.T.A., when following the Olympia tournament, another was staged at Wembley in May, where the public was able to see the four greatest players of the last era—Budge, Vines, Perry and Tilden—in a four-cornered contest. Perry will be all out to re-establish himself in his own country, after his depressing series of defeats at the hands of Budge, Tilden to prove that there is still life in the old dog yet. Vines will be harrying Budge the whole way home, and the crowd will . . . well, let's hope there really will be a crowd this time. I know one thing—I shall be there myself. And I know another. Professional tennis tournaments have come to stay. It is only a question of time, before they draw the whole town. It is only a question of time before the next batch of amateurs go over to the side, whose chief difference from the amateur ruling body, is that it is freer from hypocrisy and makes its terms in the open.

But before it is too late, and the schism is too wide, and there is too much salt in the wounds, why won't the L.T.A. sink its silly, snobbish pride and gratefully accept the helping hand that this band of ex-amateurs offers it? First there is the question of coaching, and on that question I should just like to make this final observation. Last summer, Helen Jacobs was, early in the season in such poor form, that despite her tremendous popularity with her captain, she was dropped from the Wightman Cup team. Yet she reached the final at Wimbledon without losing a set, and was very unlucky, as you know, to strain her Achilles tendon early on in her match with the Moody. Otherwise, my own view is that she would have won. At any rate, she reached the final, thanks to one person and one person only, Big Bill Tilden, who not only coached her daily, but also gave her new inspiration, new courage, a new grip on herself. Why not allow him the chance to do the same for some of our English girls? Think what he could do for Kay Stammers, who like Helen Jacobs, is fast approaching the critical point of her career. Yes, just think of it, Mr. Sabelli. You must already have thought of it presumably or you wouldn't have sent that—well, don't let's call him a spy—

(Continued on page viii)

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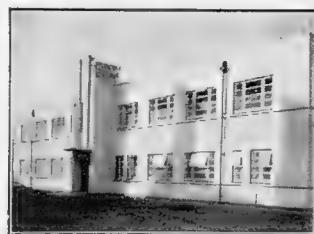
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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying This Month.

A New York wedding this month is that of Captain E. C. Yeldham, The Hampshire Regiment, and Miss Sheila Crawford Burton. This will take place on April 29. On April 26 Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Aird, Bt., M.V.O., M.C., Grenadier Guards, will marry Lady Priscilla Willoughby at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks.

* * *

Recently Engaged.

Mr. P. W. Lawson, second son of Sir Digby Lawson, Bt., and Mrs. Gerald Wallis, and Jean Mary, elder daughter of Colonel Sydney E. Smith, C.B.E. and Mrs. Sydney Smith, of Stuckeridge, Bampton, Devon;

Mr. M. A. Whitefoord, youngest son of the late Lionel Cole Whitefoord and Mrs. Whitefoord, and Angela Mary, youngest daughter of the late Henry de Grey Tatham Warter, of Hinton Hall, Shrewsbury, and Mrs. Tatham Warter, of Lottisham Old Manor, Glastonbury; Mr. N. St. V. Fox, third son of Sir John and Lady Fox, of Girsby Manor, Lincoln, and Iris Helen Hersey, daughter of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, of Ardanaiseig, Kilchrenan, Argyllshire, and of Lady HolmPatrick, of Abbotstown, Castleknock, Co. Dublin; Mr. J. L. Woodhead, son of Sir John Woodhead, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., and Lady Woodhead, of London, and Lucia Livingstone Foster, daughter of the late Mr. Harry Foster, and Mrs. Foster, of Taunton, Massachusetts, U.S.A.; Major C. F. Newsom, Royal Corps of Signals, son of the late Colonel A. C. Newsom, C.M.G., C.B.E.,

and of Mrs. Newsom, and Norah Creina Aspinall, youngest daughter of the late Canon E. C. and Mrs. Aspinall, of Wherstead, Ipswich; Mr. M. W. Mountain, The Border Regiment, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Mountain, of Alnmouth, Northumberland, and Jane Sheila, elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. A. Wigmore, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Wigmore, of Eath, Somerset; Mr. J. D. Robertson, eldest son of Rear-Admiral A. J. Robertson, M.V.O., R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Robertson, of Farnham, Surrey, and Joan Eileen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stranks, of Banbury, Oxon; Mr. H. G. Gibson, younger son of the late E. M. Gibson, and of the Hon. Mrs.

R. E. Hubbard, and Rosemary Rachel, daughter of Colonel R. G. Earle, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Earle, Redlynch, Salisbury; Mr. W. H. A. Rich, Indian Police, youngest son of the late Colonel H. H. Rich, R.A., and Mrs. Rich, of Brook Lodge, Batheaston, Somerset, and Leslie Margaret Wallace, elder daughter of Sir Alexander Brebner, C.I.E., and Lady Brebner, of Edinburgh; Sir Alfred Beit, Bt., M.P., son of the late Sir Otto Beit, and of Lady Beit, and Clementini, younger daughter of the late Major the Hon. Clement Mitford, D.S.O., and of Lady Helen Nutting; Mr. J. G. Murray, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robin Grey, of Wargrave-on-Thames, and grandson of the late Sir John Murray, of Albermarle Street, and Diana, third daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Bernard James, and the late Colonel Bernard James, of Fingest Grove, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire.

Dorothy Wilding
MISS JEAN ROYLE

Whose engagement has just been announced to Mr. N. M. Daniel, the only son of Sir Augustus Daniel, K.B.E., and Lady Daniel. Miss Royle is the only daughter of the late Mr. J. S. Royle and Mrs. Royle, of Hazell Hill, Bracknell, Berks

Whitefoord, youngest son of the late Lionel Cole Whitefoord and Mrs. Whitefoord, and Angela Mary, youngest daughter of the late Henry de Grey Tatham Warter, of Hinton Hall, Shrewsbury, and Mrs. Tatham Warter, of Lottisham Old Manor, Glastonbury; Mr. N. St. V. Fox, third son of Sir John and Lady Fox, of Girsby Manor, Lincoln, and Iris Helen Hersey, daughter of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, of Ardanaiseig, Kilchrenan, Argyllshire, and of Lady HolmPatrick, of Abbotstown, Castleknock, Co. Dublin; Mr. J. L. Woodhead, son of Sir John Woodhead, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., and Lady Woodhead, of London, and Lucia Livingstone Foster, daughter of the late Mr. Harry Foster, and Mrs. Foster, of Taunton, Massachusetts, U.S.A.; Major C. F. Newsom, Royal Corps of Signals, son of the late Colonel A. C. Newsom, C.M.G., C.B.E.,



CAPTAIN AND MRS. J. CARLTON

After their recent marriage at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi, Captain Carlton is the elder son of Colonel and Mrs. H. D. Carlton, of Cannes, and the bride was formerly Miss Anne Fell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Laurence, of New Delhi

Catherine Bell
MISS FENELLA FORSYTH-GRANT

The only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Forsyth-Grant, of Kincardineshire, who is engaged to Wing-Commander F. J. Fogarty, D.F.C., A.F.C., Royal Air Force, son of the late Michael Fogarty and of Mrs. Fogarty, of Monkstown, Co. Cork

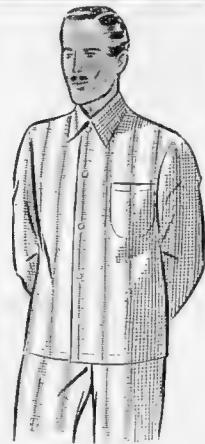


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SINNINGTON AND DERWENT POINT-TO-POINT



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MR. DONALD DEMAREST, THE HON. OLIVER BECKETT (UNOFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER), MISS SHEILA GRAHAME AND "KATIE"

The Sinnington and Derwent Point-to-Point was run over a line at Kirby Misperton. The going was deep with some standing water in places, but fields and sport were both excellent. Lord Grimthorpe, joint-Master of the Middleton, scored a popular success on his own Loup Garou II in the Members' Race and other performers included the Hon. Charles Wood, M.F.H., joint of the Middleton with Lord Grimthorpe. The Hon. Oliver Beckett, a son of Lord Grimthorpe, was making a film of the meeting, and Mr. Demarest and Miss Grahame seem interested but the other person in the picture, "Katie," looks bored to tears, also rather wet, miserable and muddy



SUSSEX SPANIELS

Property of Miss Wigg

and thinks of the work compiling it must have entailed; it contains among other things the pedigree and photographs of every challenge certificate winner in 1938. All who are interested in Fox Terrier breeding should have this book. The price is 5s. to all buyers, whether at home or abroad. The *Elkhound Book* is also full of interest with photographs of well-known elkhounds and articles of interest as well as the usual statistics. These books must do their breeds a lot of good, besides being a help to the breeders, who can see at a glance all they want to know about the wins of the various stud dogs and their pedigrees.

Can anyone explain to me why terriers from hilly districts all have short legs? Cairns, Skyes, Dandies, Scotties, Sealyhams and Corgis (though not terriers). Why is this? Short-legged people do not find it easier to go up hills than long-legged ones, rather the reverse. There must be some reason, as it is obvious; no terriers from flat countries have short legs, except Norwich which are a new breed.

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

I have had two most interesting books sent me, the *British Elkhound Society's Year Book* and the *Fox Terrier Club Annual*. Both are extremely well got-up and full of information. The *Fox Terrier Annual* fills one with admiration for the compiler, when one sees the enormous amount of statistics

The Sussex Spaniel is a dog specially adopted for work in hedgerows and rough stuff generally, where a strong, short-legged dog is required. He is a very attractive dog to look at, of a rich chestnut colour, and makes an admirable companion. He has come much into favour lately, and is very popular in the U.S.A. Miss Wigg has a well-known kennel of Sussex Spaniels and has sent several to America, where they have done well. The photograph is of three winners, including Hornhill Meriel, winner of the certificate at Cruft's, which was her third. Miss Wigg has some puppies for sale, out of a wonderful gun dog. Their father, Hornhill Russett, was sent to America in September and made best of breed at once. They are very nice pups, inoculated, and for sale very reasonably indeed.

Cairn Terriers need no "boosting" from me; everyone knows them, and those who have them know their charms. No dog can beat a Cairn as a companion, as his only wish is to be with his owner, wherever that owner may be. Mrs. Clark has a successful kennel of Cairns and Scotties, and has some for sale at present. There is a good wheaten winning dog two years old, and a nice red dog puppy, also two very attractive small bitches as companions, eight and eighteen months old. There is also a young Scottie bitch suitable for show and as a companion. These can all be seen in London by appointment.

When a breed goes to the front at once and remains there it is always because there is something really attractive in it. This is the case of the Shih Tzu; it is only a comparatively short time since Mrs. Brownrigg introduced them, and they have become immensely popular.

Miss Hutchins has a good kennel of Shih Tzus. She has some pups for sale now which she says have new blood, the sire being Yo Ma of Tzisha.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton



SHIH TZUS

Property of Miss Hutchins



CAIRN TERRIER

Property of Mrs. Clark

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WOMEN
tell their
daughters

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is described on
page j

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HIGHEST STANDARD OF
TENNIS COURT
EFFICIENCY

Lawn Tennis—(Cont. from page xii)

a messenger—that recent afternoon. Won't you be big-minded enough to go one step farther and engage Tilden to coach half a dozen of our rising players and half a dozen of our risen ones? I am sure you would never regret it, if you did.

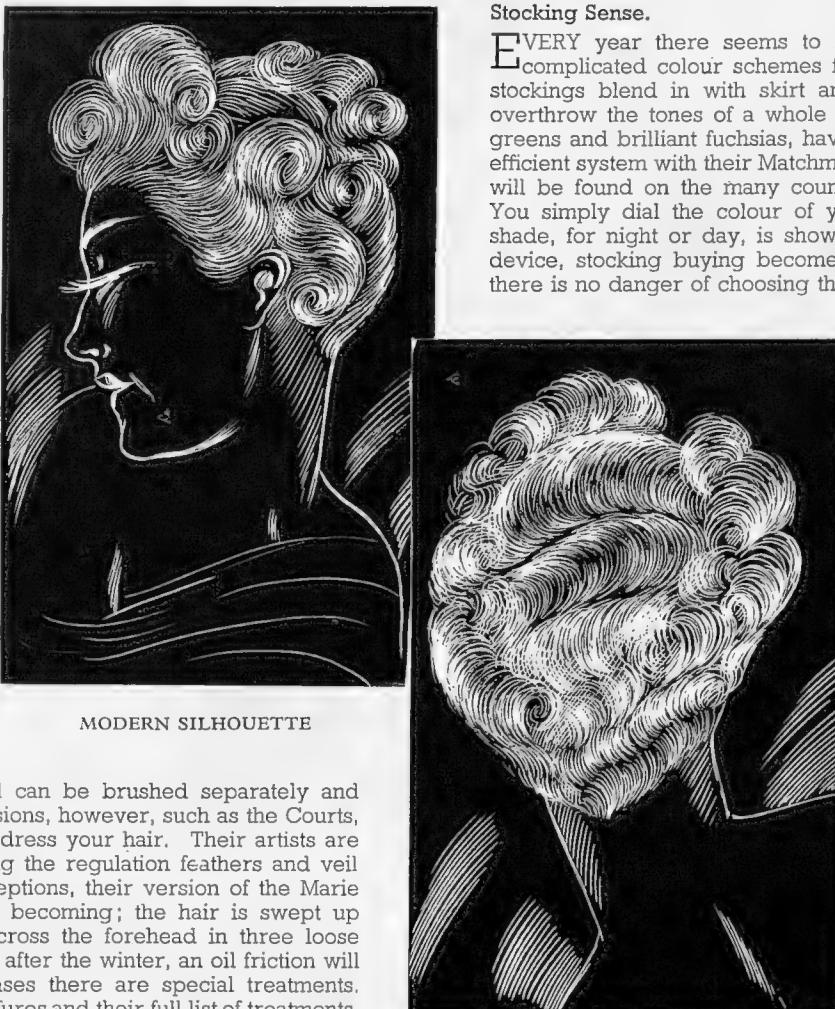
But it's no use going on. That door has already been beaten on many times in the last few years, and it is still bolted and locked. So much so that one can't help feeling that the L.T.A. would rather have empty coffers than contaminate themselves, as they think, by co-operating with a gang of professionals. For instance, at this moment, the team that is to appear at Wembley is planning a tour right up and down the country, and searching for suitable venues in all our larger cities like Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow and Birmingham. What is happening? No tennis club, affiliated to the L.T.A. dare receive their overtures except in silence. It doesn't matter that all expenses are guaranteed, it doesn't matter that they are promised a generous percentage of the profits, it doesn't matter that in many cases, they are in desperate need of some money to keep their club in good condition and up to date; they must refuse, or be crossed off the books of the governing body. That would be suicide for them, as the rules stand at present. And so you will have the extraordinary spectacle of Tilden and his sporting colleagues playing their matches on grounds which have no connexion with the game of tennis, when just round the corner there is a decaying tennis club desperately in need of a little local advertisement, if it is to survive and obtain new members.

Does it make sense? I ask you.

FOR YOUR ATTENTION

Heads First.

WHEN hair was first swept up and away from the face, some months ago, many women felt that the style was too severe and did not attempt to wear it. But the upward trend has persisted, and in the hands of experts such as Emile, 24 Conduit Street, it is varied to suit individual features. The two coiffures sketched show how soft curls are gathered up to break any harsh lines. Since hats this spring are tilted well over the forehead, it is important that the back hair should be curled, to keep an even balance. The pointed line at the nape of the neck gives it a finished look and avoids straggling wisps. Though these coiffures are elaborate enough for the most formal evenings they are more practical than they look; each curl can be brushed separately and re-set in its place. For special occasions, however, such as the Courts, Emile will come to your house and dress your hair. Their artists are thoroughly experienced in arranging the regulation feathers and veil to suit the wearer. For official receptions, their version of the Marie Antoinette ringlets is dignified and becoming; the hair is swept up above the ears and rolled softly across the forehead in three loose curls. If your hair is dry and brittle after the winter, an oil friction will restore its glow; or for serious cases there are special treatments. Write for their leaflet on the new coiffures and their full list of treatments.



DEVEREUX MILBURN,
THE G.O.M. OF POLO

Snapped at Aiken, South Carolina, which is described as the horsestest playground in the U.S.A. Dev. Milburn's is a household name in the polo world and he was in his day probably the best back in the world. Even now he is a four-goal player, and incidentally an Oxford multiple Blue

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1 plead for gifts to help a lady in great distress. The daughter of a gentleman farmer, she was left completely without resources. For some time she worked as a governess or housekeeper until her health broke down. Unfortunately she has never earned enough to save for her old age, and life is very difficult for her. The poor lady is now seventy-five, has a weak heart and is getting deaf. We are anxious to raise £12 to allow her a small weekly sum, as her only income is her Old Age Pension.

The fifth annual dinner of the 55th (West Lancashire) Division (B.E.F.) Dinner Club will take place at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue London, W.C.2, next Saturday, April 15. Lord Derby, the patron of the club, has accepted an invitation to dine as the guest of the club, and Lieutenant-General Sir Hugh Jeudwine will preside. All officers of the War-time division who have not received details by letter, and who are interested, are requested to communicate with the Hon. Sec. of the club, Lieutenant-Colonel G. Surtees, M.C., 75 Overstrand Mansions, London, S.W.11.

To all cricketers. Wisden's Cricketers' Almanac for 1939 has just been published, and is better than ever. Don Bradman's article dealing mainly with timeless Tests and modern wickets, should be missed by no one who has the interest of the game at heart.

The Conservative and Unionist Association, Eastern Division of Surrey, are holding a Divisional Ball at the Hoskins Arms Hotel, Oxted, on Friday, April 21 from 9 p.m. till 2 a.m. Clifford Essex's Band will play, and tickets, including buffet supper, are 10/6. Guests will be received by the Earl and Countess of Munster and Mr. Charles Emmott, M.P. for the Division.

Stocking Sense.

EVERY year there seems to be more stocking shades and more complicated colour schemes for them to match. Cleverly chosen stockings blend in with skirt and shoes, but the wrong shade can overthrow the tones of a whole outfit. Aristoc, undismayed by basic greens and brilliant fuchsias, have reduced this colour-blending to an efficient system with their Matchmeter. This impressive white structure will be found on the many counters where their stockings are sold. You simply dial the colour of your dress, and the correct stocking shade, for night or day, is shown in an illuminated panel. With this device, stocking buying becomes both amusing and economical, for there is no danger of choosing the wrong pair.

Spring Riding.

WHEN the children come home for the Easter holidays they will want to ride, so their kit should be looked over and the necessary items replaced. The Bedford Riding Breeches Company, 19 New Quebec Street, Marble Arch, have children's jodhpurs ready for immediate wear from 13s. 6d., and made to measure from 18s. Jackets are made to measure from 38s., and riding waterproofs are 32s. 6d. Very likely they will need new shirts or pullovers, and this firm have them at very moderate prices. If a child has not yet begun riding lessons, the complete outfit would make an exciting Easter present. Older people can, of course, get their own riding equipment here as well, also at very reasonable cost. Full details and patterns will gladly be sent on application.

SPRING
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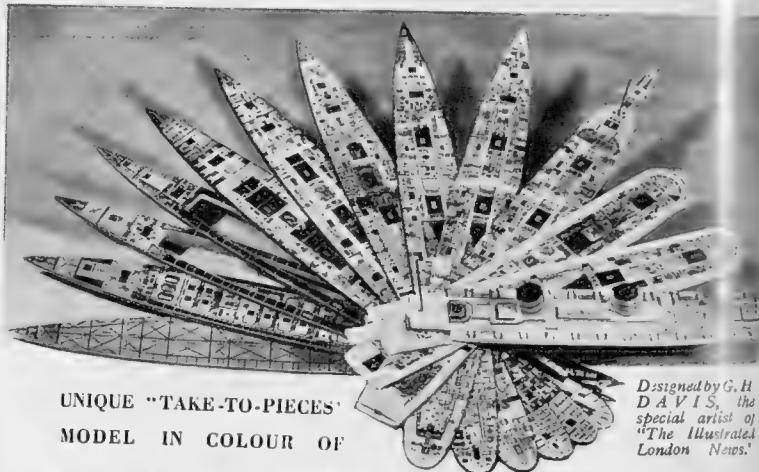
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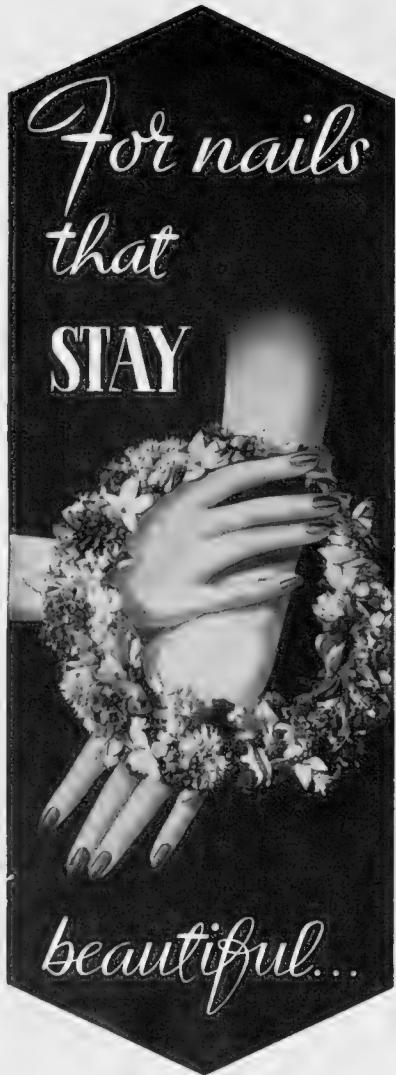


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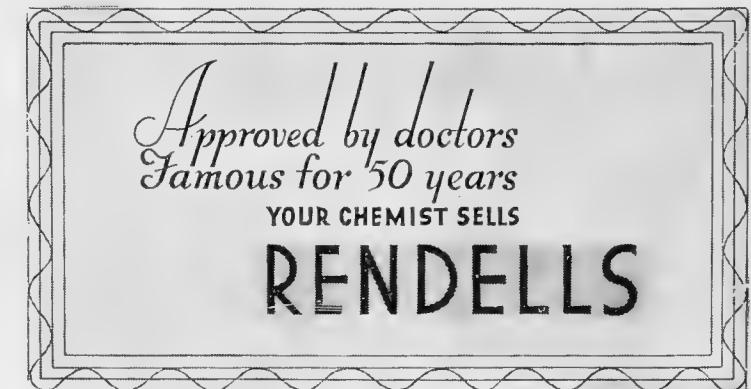
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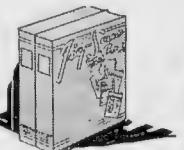
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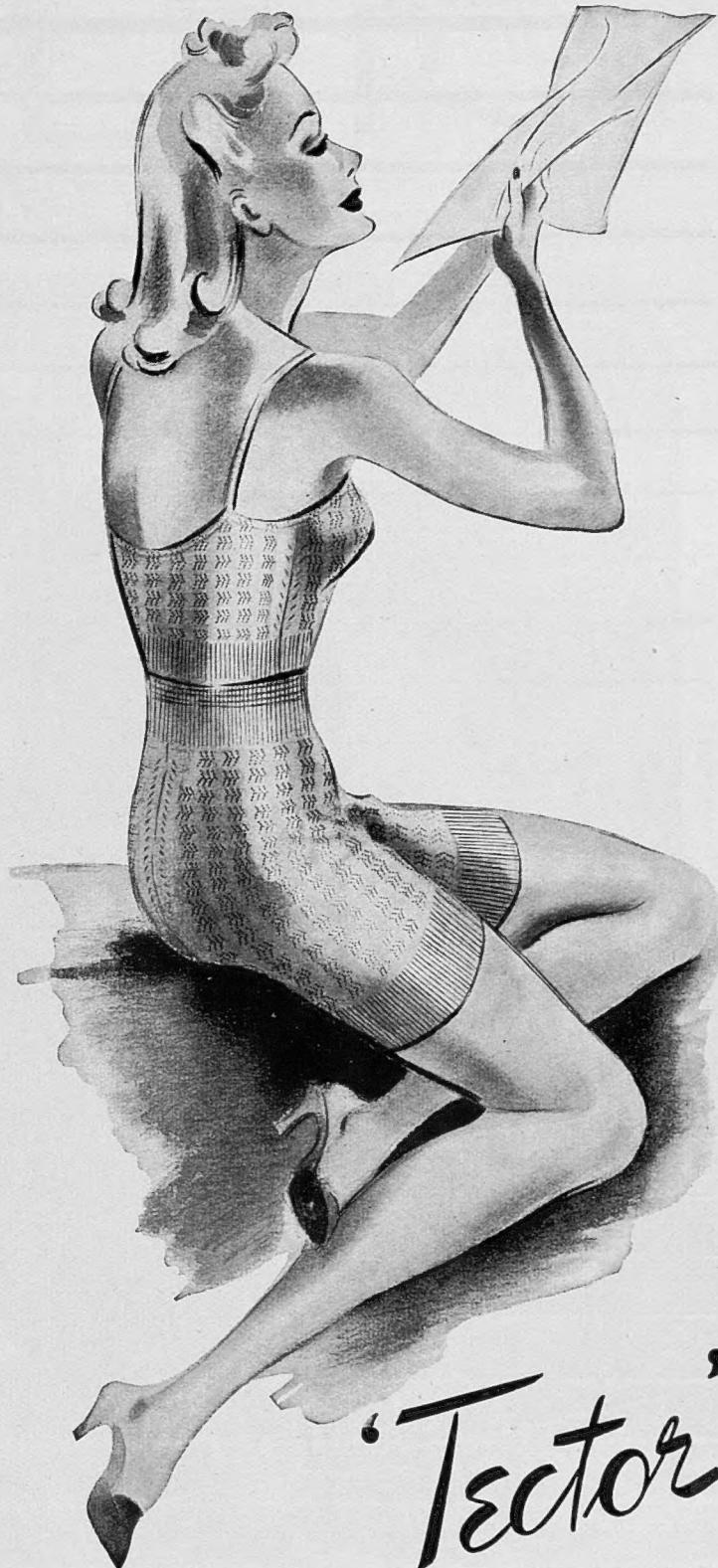
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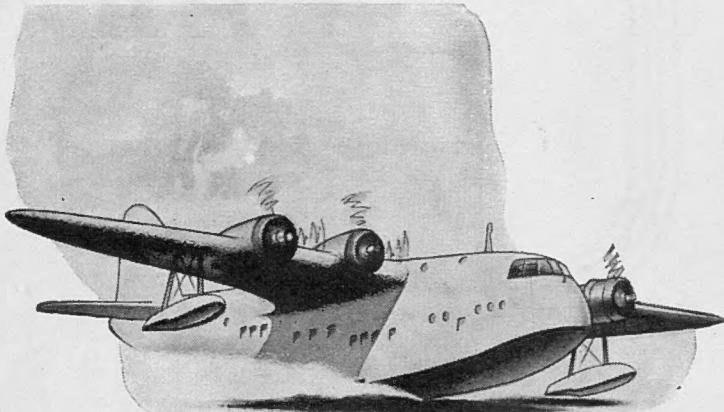
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